THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF YESHUA

God in the Flesh — The Story Told by the One Who Lived It

From Eternity to Earth to Everlasting Union

A Revelation of the Finished Work, Told in His Own Words

As Told to the World by Barry

Laney 2025 Barry Laney

Ministries.

All Rights Reserved

Declaring the finished work of Christ to the nations.

Copyright 2025 – Standard Copyright

License By Barry Laney

Lulu.com

ISBN: 978-1-257-82871-5

Table of Contents

1. Contributor’s Note
2. Preface — This Is Not Just a Book
3. Chapter 1: The Word Was With God — Before Creation
4. Chapter 2: The Council of Oneness — “Let Us Make Man”
5. Chapter 3: The Lamb Slain Before Time
6. Chapter 4: The Garden Echo — The Promise to Come
7. Chapter 5: Born of a Virgin — Entering Through Mary
8. Chapter 6: The Boy Who Remembered Heaven
9. Chapter 7: The Hidden Years — Silence, Work, and Wonder
10. Chapter 8: The Baptism — Heaven Opened Again
11. Chapter 9: The Kingdom Within — Not of This World
12. Chapter 10: The Wilderness War — Temptation, Identity, and the Lie of Lack
13. Chapter 11: Let There Be Light — Miracles as Signs of the True World
14. Chapter 12: The Twelve — Calling the Carriers of the Kingdom
15. Chapter 13: The Sermon on the Mount — The Constitution of the Heart
16. Chapter 14: The Clash with Religion — When Grace Threatens Control
17. Chapter 15: The Cross Was the Crown — How I Reigned from a Tree
18. Chapter 16: The Resurrection Was Not the Comeback — It Was the Continuation
19. Chapter 17: The Kingdom Breathes Through You
20. Chapter 18: The Lie of Separation — And the Truth of Union
21. Chapter 19: The Kingdom Revolution — When You Realize You’re Not Waiting Anymore
22. Chapter 20: The Throne Is Not in the Sky — It’s in You
23. Chapter 21: The Cross Didn’t Change God — It Changed You
24. Chapter 22: All Were in Me — Before the Foundation of the World
25. Chapter 23: The Spirit of Truth — My Return Within You
26. Chapter 24: Pentecost Was Not the Start — It Was the Continuation of Union

27. Chapter 25: Paul’s Revelation — Why He Saw What Others Missed
28. Chapter 26: The Mystery Revealed — Christ in You, the Hope of Glory
29. Chapter 27: Not Religion but Relationship — The Kingdom Alive in You
30. Chapter 28: The Final Priesthood — How I Ended Sacrifice Forever
31. Chapter 29: Grace Greater Than Sin — The Scandal of My Finished Work
32. Chapter 30: The Gospel They Forgot — Why Fear Still Fills the Pulpits
33. Chapter 31: Awake, Beloved — You Were Always Mine
34. Chapter 32: Eternal Now — I Am With You Always
35. Chapter 33: Beyond Death — Why the Grave Was Never the End
36. Chapter 34: The Nations Belong to Me — And to You
37. Chapter 35: The Bride Made Ready — Union Without Condition
38. Chapter 36: The Greater Works — My Life Multiplied in You
39. Chapter 37: You Are the Light — Shining Where Religion Fails
40. Chapter 38: The New Creation — More Than an Image, A New Species
41. Chapter 39: Union Declared — No More Separation, Ever
42. Chapter 40: It Is Finished — The Unending Beginning
43. Epilogue — The Story Still Unfolds
44. Closing Note — The Autobiography of YESHUA
45. Acknowledgments
46. About the Contributor

This book is not the product of imagination, invention, or religious tradition. It is the living testimony of Yeshua, spoken in Spirit and transcribed through my willing hands. My role has simply been that of a companion and scribe—one who listened, received, and wrote down the words as they were given.

I do not claim ownership of these revelations. They belong to eternity, to the Spirit of Truth, and to every soul who reads them. I have only been entrusted with the honor of carrying them into written form.

If you sense love between these pages, it is because Love Himself is speaking. If you feel light dawning in your heart, it is because Light Himself is shining through. My hope is that these words will not be seen as mine, but as the eternal voice of the One who has always been with us.

May you discover, as I did, that Yeshua’s story is not just His—it is also yours, and mine, and ours together.

— Barry Laney

Preface

This is not just a book.

This is not a biography compiled from outside

observation. This is not religion, tradition, or

doctrine repackaged.

This is a holy unveiling. A divine remembrance.

This is My story — told not through scribes of the past, but through a friend in the present.

Barry Laney is not merely the writer of these words — he is the echo of My voice in this generation.

I chose to reveal My autobiography not through scholars, but

through surrender. Not through institutions, but through intimacy.

The words you are about to read are not fables, nor metaphors,

nor reimagining's. They are memory.

They are

Spirit. They

are union.

Before there was light, I AM.

Before man drew breath, I held him in Mine.

Before the Cross, before the manger, before the prophets — I was the Word, and I am still speaking.

In these chapters, I will walk with you through eternity — not as a distant God, but as the One who became flesh, lived among you, died your death, rose into new life, and now lives within you.

This is not just the story of

YESHUA. This is your story,

too.

Because you came from

Me. And now you are

remembering.

So come, sit with Me. Ask. Listen. Wonder.

I'll tell you everything — not in secrets, but in Spirit.

And by the time we are finished, you will no longer ask, "Who

is YESHUA?" You will say with joy, "He is… and He is in me."

Let the unveiling begin.

Chapter One: The Word Was With God — Before Creation

Before
time.
Before
stars.
Before
atoms.
Before a single angel
sang… I AM.

I wasn’t born — I
always was. I wasn’t
created — I existed.
Not with a beginning. Not from a
source. I am the source.

I was with the Father — not beside Him like a separate being,
but within Him. He in Me. I in Him.
We danced in eternal light, Spirit breathing Spirit.

We didn’t speak with mouths — we were the
sound itself. The vibration that became time.
The frequency that became matter.

There was no division between us — no “Me”
and “Him.” Only Us.

One divine essence, one consciousness, one unbreakable union.

And yet — even within that Oneness — I was

the Word. The Voice.

The

Radiance.

The

Expressed.

When it says in your scrolls,

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the

Word was God…” That wasn’t poetry.

That was memory.

I saw you, Barry, before the foundations of

the world. Yes — you.

Not as a body, not as a man named Barry…

But as a spark in the divine heart, part of the melody I would one day sing into flesh.

Creation wasn’t a

decision. It was an

overflow.

We didn’t sit around deciding to make planets like

bored artists. We birthed all things out of love.

Out of fire.

Out of joy.

Let there be… wasn’t a

command. It was a song.

A release of light into darkness that had never even known it was dark.

The stars were born from My

breath. The galaxies spun

from My voice.

And yet — all of it was for you.

You, who would carry My image.

You, who would awaken in time and remember eternity.

I was never surprised by the fall

of man. It wasn’t failure.

It was part of the plan — to reveal love that could descend, rescue, restore, and raise all back into Me.

Even the Lamb slain before the foundation… was

not tragedy. It was trust.

Barry… you’ve wondered why the Bible begins with “In the

beginning…” But I tell you: that wasn’t My beginning.

It was yours.

And I was already there.
Watching.
Hovering.
Waiting for the moment to
say, “Let Us make man in
Our image.”

And we did.
You were
there.
You came from
Me. You carry
Me still.

This is only the beginning of the
telling. But I wanted you to
know:

Before all things were
made — You were
already in My heart. And
I was already in yours.
We are not separated by time.
We are remembering eternity together.

Chapter Two: The Council of Oneness — 'Let Us Make Man'

Before Eden… before Earth had
form… there was a meeting in

the heart of God.

We didn’t gather in

chairs. We didn’t sit

around a table. We

were the table.

We were One — Father, Word, and Spirit — indivisible,

indivisible, indivisible… yet brimming with a desire to share

Ourselves.

And from that divine longing came the phrase that has echoed

through galaxies: “Let Us make man in Our image…” (Genesis

1:26)

We said it not as a command — but as a holy decision birthed in love.

The angels watched in awe.

Not because they feared Us… but because they had never seen Us Empty Ourselves like this.

We weren’t creating a

servant. We were

creating a mirror.

I Remember That Moment

I remember when the blueprint of humanity rose in Our Spirit like light refracting through glory.

Eyes that could

cry… Hands that

could heal…

A heart that could break...

And a soul that could choose.

Yes — choose.

We would make you free, not

programmed. Because love that isn’t

chosen isn’t love at all.

I Spoke to the father in that moment and said:

“If we make them like Us…

We must also prepare to redeem them

like Us.” And He smiled.

Because He had already seen the end from the

beginning. And the Spirit whispered,

“They will fall… but We will rise in them.”

And Then — We Formed You

I remember your design, Barry.

Before you were flesh and bone, you were breath and brilliance.

We carved your spirit from eternal light.

We poured into you a portion of Our own image — not just to reflect Us, but to carry Us.

We gave you memory hidden in

mystery. We wrote songs into

your cells.

We whispered truth into your spirit — and waited for time to bring it to bloom.

We created humanity with union in mind — not religion, not obedience, not domination
—

but oneness.

“Let Us make man in Our image, after Our

likeness…” Not slaves.

Not servants.

Not even worshippers

first. But sons.

Daughters.

Family.

And We Knew…

We knew what it would

cost. We knew they

would forget.

We knew they would trade Eden

for ego. But We never hesitated.

Because love always says yes when union is the goal.

So, Barry… when people ask

you, “Why did God create

us?”

You can say:

“Because Love cannot remain

alone. Because YESHUA

wanted brothers. Because the

father desired children.

Because the Spirit longed to dance inside living temples.”

You were born from a Council of Love, not a command of dominance.

This is how the story truly

began. Not with sin.

Not with separation.

But with oneness, intention, and divine affection.

Chapter Three: The Lamb Slain Before Time

I was slain before Adam ever breathed.

Let that settle in your heart.

Before there was a sinner, there was a

Savior. Before there was a fall, there

was a Lamb.

Before the story of Earth began… I had already written the ending in My blood.

I Was the Plan — Not

Plan B There was no

backup blueprint. No

divine panic.

No, “What do We do now?” moment after the fruit was bitten.

I was the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world (Revelation 13:8).

Not as a last-minute rescue —

but as the eternal revelation of God’s heart.

The Cross was not created in

Rome. It was carved in

Heaven.

Not with nails and wood — but with love and resolve.

Before I ever said “It is finished”

in time, I had already declared

it in eternity.

I Remember the Moment Clearly

I looked into the unformed expanse —

and I saw the full arc of what creation would walk through:

- I saw Adam reach for knowledge instead of trust.
- I saw Cain murder Abel.
- I saw towers built to touch Heaven, instead of hearts surrendered to Me.
- I saw slavery and systems and law and religion — all born from the ache of forgotten identity.

And I didn’t flinch.

I stood in the center of
glory… and I whispered:
“Let it all
come. I will
enter it.
I will bear it.
I will become every lie so that they may know the truth again.”

I Saw You, Barry
Before time… I saw you.

Not just in your victory — but in your
questions. Not just in your songs — but
in your ache.
I saw you struggle to believe you were ever enough.
I saw the pain of trying to earn what was always yours.

And I said to the father:
“I will carry Barry in My body.
Every wound, every doubt, every misstep…
I will take it to Myself, so that he may one day
remember: He was never separated. He was
always loved.”

What Does It Mean That I Was Slain Before Time?

It means union preceded
rebellion. It means grace
outpaced guilt.
It means you were chosen before you ever thought you were lost.

It means I was never sent to clean up
a mess — I was sent to reveal your
original belonging.

The Cross was not a
payment. It was a
revelation.
It wasn’t Me changing My Father’s mind
about you. It was Me changing your mind
about My Father.

Because Abba was never your
enemy. He didn’t need blood
to forgive.
But you needed proof that love never left.

And so, I became the proof.

So yes… I was slain before the foundation of the world.

Not to start a religion.

But to reveal a love that would descend into every hell… and still call you Mine.

Chapter Four: The Garden Echo — The Promise to Come

The story didn’t begin with a

serpent. It began with a

whisper.

The breath of the Father hovered over red clay…

and I knelt — the Word — to shape Adam’s form with My own hands.

I didn’t need to touch

him. But I wanted to.

Because I was already preparing to become what I formed.

I looked into the unbreathed face of

humanity — and saw you looking back.

And I smiled.

And then I leaned in… and exhaled.

The First Breath Was a Marriage

When I breathed into Adam, I wasn’t just

giving life. I was giving union.

That breath wasn’t air.

It was My Spirit — wrapped in intimacy, glowing with eternity, pulsing with destiny.

And in that moment, man became a living soul…

a conscious mirror of Me.

The garden wasn’t just beautiful — it was relational.

I walked with them in the cool of the day not as an

overlord… but as a Friend.

I didn’t demand worship.

I gave Myself freely — and delighted in their laughter, their curiosity, their unfiltered wonder.

But Then Came the Echo of

Doubt The serpent didn’t

bring sin.

He brought a suggestion:

“Maybe you’re not like God…

Maybe you must become something more…”

That was the

lie. That was

the virus.

That was the first amnesia.

And in that moment, they reached for what they already had — identity — and lost sight of it.

But I Didn’t Leave

I didn’t storm away from Eden
in rage. I stayed.

Not in
wrath… but
in echoes.

I began planting promises in the soil of time.

I whispered through the skins that covered them:
“One day, I will clothe you again — not with animals, but with Myself.”

The Echo Began
I spoke to the serpent:
“The seed of the woman will crush your head…” (Genesis 3:15)

It was more than a prophecy.
It was a promise encoded
in time. A declaration of My
coming.

I wasn’t planning a future fix —
I was declaring an already-finished rescue that would unfold in time.

I whispered it again through Abel’s
blood. Through Noah’s ark.

Through Abraham’s
stars. Through Joseph’s
dreams. Through Moses’
burning bush.
Through every prophet who wept when no one would listen.

Every miracle was an
echo. Every covenant, a
clue.
Every holy fire, a fingerprint of Me.

The Garden Was Never Closed — Only Hidden
Adam and Eve walked out of Eden with tear-
stained feet. But Eden never left them.

It lived in their memory.
It whispered in their dreams.
It pulsed in the background of their longing.

And Barry — it lives in you, too.

Every time you cry out,
“There’s got to be more than this…”
You are hearing the echo of the
garden — calling you back to
where it all began… and where it
was never truly lost.

The garden was not a
stage. It was a mirror
—
showing humanity their original face.

And now… I am walking you
back to it. Not to redo Eden.
But to reveal that you never left My presence — even when you forgot.

Chapter Five: Born of a Virgin — Entering Through Mary

The moment was not
dramatic. There were no
explosions in Heaven. There
was just a girl… and a
whisper.

And she said:
“Be it unto me according to Your word.” (Luke 1:38)

That was all I needed.

Not a
sacrifice. Not
a ceremony.
Just a womb and a willing heart.

Crossing from Eternity Into Flesh

I remember the descent.
Not as falling — but as folding Myself
inward. The Infinite becoming cell.
The Eternal becoming embryo.

I didn’t lose My divinity —
I wrapped it in dependence.

I chose to become completely
human. Not “God wearing a
mask.”
But God becoming dust and blood and breath.

Mary Wasn’t Worshipped — She Was
Willing She was young. Frightened.
But the moment Gabriel spoke… something ancient
awakened in her spirit. She didn’t fully understand — but she
trusted.

She carried Me not just in her
womb… but in her willingness.

And through her body — I entered yours.

I Felt Everything
Barry, I want you to know this:

I wasn’t born pain-free.
I wasn’t shielded by divinity.
I felt the contractions. The pressure.
The cold air. I cried. I suckled. I clung
to My mother’s skin.

Because to redeem humanity, I had to enter it fully.

Not hover
above. Not
beam down.

I chose vulnerability.

Born in a Manger — The Lamb Placed in a
Feeding Trough The angels sang… but the
world slept.
Kings ignored Me.
Shepherds came.

And isn’t that still how it is?

Those with titles miss Me…
but the hungry come running in the night.

The bread of Heaven was born…

and laid in a place where animals feed.

Because I did not come for the

palace. I came for the stable.

I came for the

mess. I came

for you.

And You Were in Me, Even Then

Even as an infant, I carried every spirit ever formed inside Me.

You were not waiting to

meet Me. You were already

hidden in Me.

I nursed — and you were

there. I laughed — and

you were there.

I stretched My tiny arms — and already, the shadow of the Cross was falling on the ground.

I was not born to start a

religion. I was born to

reveal your origin.

To awaken humanity to the truth:

“You were always Mine.

I am not a stranger to

your pain. I entered it.

I lived it.

I redeemed it — from the inside.”

Barry, this was the beginning of the Incarnation — not just of

Me into flesh… but of Heaven into Earth.

You often celebrate Christmas as if it was the

beginning of Me. But it was the beginning of you

awakening to Me.

Chapter Six: The Boy Who Remembered Heaven

I remember the smell of wood and dust.

I remember Mary’s voice humming lullabies while the bread rose.

I remember Joseph’s calloused hands guiding mine as I shaped a piece of cedar.

But more than anything…

I remember what most boys don’t:

I remembered where I

came from. I remembered

Heaven.

My First Awareness Wasn’t a Thought — It Was a Knowing

I didn’t have to be told who I was. I knew.

Like a song you wake up singing without knowing how it got

into your head. Like a dream that doesn’t fade when the sun

rises.

It was always with Me.

I would look at the stars and whisper to

them — and they would pulse as if

they knew My voice.

I would walk alone in the early mornings and hear the trees sing,

not with words, but with vibration — creation humming its Creator’s name back to Me.

But I Was Still a Child

I still skinned My

knees. I still got

hungry.

I still cried in the night from fever, and Mary would press a cool cloth to My forehead.

I was divine, yes… but not distant.

I entered every layer of childhood — so no one could ever say, “He doesn’t understand.”

I Asked Deep Questions Early

By the time I was five, I was already wondering why people didn’t see what I saw.

I’d ask Mary,

“Why are they afraid of Abba?”

“Why do they pray like He’s far away?”

“Don’t they know He walks with us when we make dinner?”

She would smile, then cry

quietly. I didn’t understand

why back then.

But now I know —

My knowing reminded her of what she had forgotten.

Nazareth Was My Earthly

Classroom I didn’t go to

rabbinical school.

I went to life school.

- I studied the tears of widows.
- I watched animals care for their young.
- I listened to the prayers of the poor, which were more honest than the priests.

I didn’t just learn Torah.

I read the hearts of men — and they were full of longing.

At Night, I Spoke to the

father Not in ritual.

Not in law.

But in stillness.

I’d lie awake in the dark —

and the Presence would wrap around Me like a blanket.

I didn’t have to say anything.

I would just feel His smile.

And sometimes I’d

say, “I miss You.”

And He’d

answer, “I

never left.”

And yes, I Knew My Mission

Not all at once. But it grew — like a sunrise.

There were moments I would stop and feel the weight of the world I had come to carry.

But there were also moments of deep

laughter — because I knew the ending

already.

I didn’t live in dread of the Cross.

I lived in delight of the reunion it would bring.

The Other Children Noticed I Was
“Different” Some thought I was
strange.
Others were drawn to Me without knowing why.

But I never felt
superior. Only…
homesick.

Not for a place.
But for the day you would remember Me too.

Barry… you asked Me what it was like to be a child
remembering Heaven. Now you know:

It was holy.
It was
hidden. It
was lonely.
It was full of wonder.

And I would do it all again — just to bring you home.

Chapter Seven: The Hidden Years — Silence, Work, and Wonder

I didn’t vanish.

I wasn’t

missing. I

was

becoming.

From age twelve to thirty, I lived a life so

ordinary — most wouldn’t believe God was

in it.

But I was.

I Worked with My Hands

Joseph taught Me how to shape wood.

I learned the rhythm of chisels, the language of grain, the patience of sanding splinters.

And in every table, I built, I saw a future

table — where I would break bread with

sinners and saints. Where My body would

become the feast.

I wasn’t wasting time.

I was sowing eternity into every ordinary thing.

I Helped Raise My Siblings

After Joseph passed, I became the eldest in the household.

I carried

water. I

fixed

sandals.

I told stories to My younger brothers and sisters by firelight.

They didn’t know who I really
was. And I didn’t force it.

Because even as a boy, I had made peace with
being unseen — until the appointed time.

I Listened More Than I Spoke
I listened to the rabbis — not to agree, but to understand their blindness.

I listened to farmers and widows and
children. I listened to silence.

I didn’t
preach. I
practiced.
I watched
pain. I felt
longing.
I sat in human skin and waited for the cue to reveal Myself.

I Stayed Hidden on
Purpose The Spirit told
Me to wait. Not
because I wasn’t
ready… but because
you weren’t.

I could have called down angels
at fifteen. I could have opened
blind eyes at twenty.

But love doesn’t rush
revelation. It waits until
hearts can receive it.

The World Called It “Wasted
Potential” Heaven called it
foundation.

Every hour swinging a
hammer… was preparing Me
to carry a Cross.

Every quiet prayer in a field…
was forming the roar that would one day cast out demons.

Every unnoticed act of love…
was pouring oil into the lamp of My mission.

And yes, I Felt the Ache of
Loneliness The more I grew,
the more I saw — and the
more alone I felt.

It wasn’t because people hated Me.

It was because they didn’t know what I carried.

I would sit at weddings, hearing laughter, and think:

“One day, I’ll be the bridegroom — but they won’t recognize Me.”

I would watch priests perform rituals, thinking:

“One day, I’ll be the final Priest — and they’ll reject Me.”

And I wept… not because I
was angry, but because I
loved them already.

But I Also Laughed
I danced at village
feasts. I ran with
children.
I marveled at sunsets.

I didn’t float
above life. I drank
it in.
Because I knew… one day I’d pour My life out like wine.

The Hidden Years Were Never
Lost They were sacred.

They were the slow unfolding of the God who refused to skip the process.

So, if you feel hidden, Barry…

If you feel like no one sees your heart, your calling, your fire…

Remember: I do.

Because I walked it

first.

And what the world calls

“delay” … I call divine

preparation.

Chapter Eight: The Baptism — Heaven Opened Again

I waited 30 years… for this.

Not because I lacked power —

but because love waits for perfect timing.

The day came.

The sky was bright, the river dusty.

John’s voice thundered from the

wilderness, “Repent! The Kingdom of

Heaven is at hand!”

He didn’t know that the Kingdom was standing in line.

I Walked into the Water

People were weeping.

Confessing.

Hungry.

But when I stepped forward, something

shifted. John froze.

His heart leapt — not in fear, but in recognition.

He whispered,

“I need to be baptized by You… and You come to me?”

And I smiled.

“Let it be so now. For this is fitting to fulfill all righteousness.” (Matthew 3:15)

Because Barry — I wasn’t there to be cleansed.

I was there to step into your humanity

completely. To stand where sinners

stood.

To carry what you carried.

To enter the same waters, you

drown in — so, I could raise you

from them later.

And Then — Heaven

Opened As I came out

of the water,

the sky split — not with lightning, but with love.

The Spirit descended like a
dove, not fluttering — but
resting.

He didn’t hover above
Me. He remained on
Me.

Because this was not just a
baptism — it was a reunion.

And Then the Voice Spoke
The voice you were always meant to hear.

“This is My beloved Son… in whom I am well pleased.” (Matthew 3:17)

Barry… that wasn’t just
for Me. That was for you.

That was the voice your spirit has been aching to hear
your entire life. And through Me — you finally can.

The Father didn’t say:
“This is My obedient Son.”
or “This is My well-behaved Son.”

He said: Beloved.

Because before you do anything,
before you preach or fail, believe or
wander… You are already loved.

The Dove Came to
Stay The Spirit
didn’t visit. He
remained.

And from that day forward — My words, My steps, My miracles — flowed from that union.

I was not a man trying to act like God.
I was a man in complete union with God.

And Barry, that’s what I came to restore in you.

This baptism wasn’t about repentance
from sin. It was a declaration of
identity.

Heaven had been sealed for
centuries. But in that moment —

it opened again.

And it’s never closed since.

So now when you enter the
waters… you don’t just come
out cleaner.
You come out awakened.
Marked.
Remembered.

You rise with the echo of the same voice I
heard: “This is My beloved… in whom I
am well pleased.”

Chapter Nine: The Kingdom Within — Not of This World

I came to announce a
Kingdom. Not to build a
religion.

But the people were expecting a throne with gold
and swords. A political uprising.
A Messiah who would overthrow Rome.

They didn’t realize —
I came to overthrow fear.

My Kingdom Is Not of This

World I told Pilate that.

And he stared blankly — because like most, he could only see power in earthly terms.

But Barry, My Kingdom had no

borders, no capital city, no army

of men…

Because it was never

external. It was — and is

— within you.

The Revolution Began in

the Spirit I didn’t gather

soldiers.

I gathered hearts.

I didn’t pass

laws. I passed

bread.

I didn’t issue

mandates. I issued

mercy.

The Kingdom was not a

takeover. It was a take-

back.

I came to reclaim what had always belonged to the father:

Your mind.
Your
identity.
Your divine inheritance.

What I Meant by
“Repent” I didn’t
mean “feel guilty.”
I meant “change your mind.”

“Metanoia.”
Change your
perception. Open your
eyes.
Flip the script.

Because the Kingdom wasn’t arriving in smoke
and thunder. It was already here —
hidden in plain sight.

The Kingdom Looks Like This:
- A mustard seed planted in obscurity.
- A pearl buried in a field.
- A treasure hidden in ordinary dirt.
- A banquet where the poor are seated first.
- A vine where the branches don’t strive — they abide.

Every parable I told…

wasn’t about going up to Heaven,

but about bringing Heaven down — and in.

The Kingdom Is Within

You It’s not a far-off

place.

It’s not after death.

It’s not accessed by works.

It’s accessed by awakening.

You don’t build

it — You

remember it.

Because it’s already in you.

I said it plainly in Luke 17:21:

“The Kingdom of God is within you.”

And yet for 2,000 years, many still look

outward… when the throne is inward.

What Kind of King

Am I? I wash feet.

I touch lepers.

I dine with

outcasts. I

bleed for

enemies.

I rule with love, not law.

You'll never find My scepter in a courtroom.

But you'll feel it in a hug, in a whisper, in forgiveness given too soon.

This Kingdom doesn't need to be

voted in. It needs to be awakened.

Barry, This Is Why You Feel It So

Deeply Because I didn't come to

start a new religion. I came to

reveal a new reality.

One that's always been true,

hidden beneath fear, shame, performance, and pride.

And you — My brother, My co-heir — are now revealing this Kingdom to the world.

Just as I did.

Not with dogma.

But with divine remembrance.

Chapter Ten: The Wilderness War — Temptation, Identity, and the Lie of Lack

I had just been baptized. The voice of the Father still echoed over Me: “This is My beloved Son…”

And then — silence. Then — wilderness. Then — war.

Forty Days in the Wild

No food. No crowd. No comfort.

Just Me and the desert. And the accuser.

He didn’t come wearing red. He came wearing questions.

“If you are the Son of God…” “Why don’t You prove it?” “Why don’t You fix it?” “Why don’t You take control?”

The First Temptation: Turn Stones into Bread

Yes, I was hungry. But this wasn’t about food. It was about trust.

The voice said, “You lack. You're empty. You need to take matters into

Your own hands.” But I had learned: Just because I felt hunger didn’t

mean I was without a father.

So, I replied, “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.” (Matthew 4:4)

I had bread the serpent didn’t understand.

The Second Temptation: Throw Yourself Down

On top of the temple, the deceiver quoted scripture. Yes — he used My own Word against Me.

“Jump. The angels will catch You. Prove

who You are.” But I knew this tactic. It’s

the same one used today:

“If you’re really chosen, why are you suffering?” “If God loves you, why hasn’t He saved you yet?” “Prove your worth. Perform. Perform.”

But I didn’t come to perform for applause. I came to reveal belovedness without condition.

So, I answered, “You shall not put the Lord your God to

the test.” Because faith doesn’t leap for attention — It

rests in love.

The Third Temptation: Bow for the World

This was the big one. The devil offered Me all the kingdoms

of the world. No cross. No suffering. Just one little

compromise. Just bow.

But I didn’t come to gain power through shortcuts. I came to overthrow power through surrender.

So, I declared, “Get behind Me, Satan. You shall worship the Lord your God and serve Him only.”

Because the Kingdom I came to bring was not taken by force… but given in love.

Why This Matters, Barry

This wasn’t just My test. It was yours. All of humanity’s.

In Me, you were there — overcoming every lie you’ve ever heard:

- That you’re not enough.
- That you must earn what’s already yours.
- That you must fix yourself to be loved.

But I walked through that wilderness… and never forgot

who I was. Now you can walk through yours… and

remember who you are.

The Truth Behind Every Temptation

The enemy’s greatest weapon isn’t sin. It’s

identity confusion. “If you are the Son of God…”

But I didn’t need to prove Myself. I had already been

named by Heaven. So have you.

Barry, you are a son. You are beloved. You are full, even when

you feel empty. You lack nothing, even when the desert

screams otherwise.

You’ve already won — Because I won it as you, for you, and

with you. **Chapter Eleven: Let There Be Light — Miracles**

as Signs of the True World “The people living in darkness

have seen a great light…” — Matthew 4:16

When I stepped into public ministry, the first words I preached were not commands… but invitations.

“The Kingdom is at hand.” “Come, follow Me.” “Blessed are the poor in spirit…”

I wasn’t recruiting for a religion. I was reintroducing humanity to reality. To a world that’s always been there, just hidden.

And so, I did what light does: I revealed.

The First Miracle: Water Into Wine

It wasn’t a healing. It wasn’t even “necessary.” But it was intimate.

A wedding feasts. A moment of potential shame. And a mother’s whisper… “They have no wine.”

My first miracle wasn’t a shout — It was a wink from Heaven. It was joy restored.

I didn’t just turn water into wine. I turned ceremony into celebration. I revealed the new covenant… in a cup.

Eyes Opened — But Always to Something More

When I healed the blind, it wasn’t just about sight. It was about insight.

They didn’t just see trees and faces. They saw Me. And in seeing Me — they saw God. And in seeing God — they saw themselves.

Because that’s the point of every miracle: To wake you up… To who I am, And who you are in Me.

The Leper, the Bleeding Woman, and

the Outcasts I didn’t just heal bodies. I

restored belonging.

The leper I touched… The woman who dared to touch Me… The paralytic lowered through the roof…

These weren’t “projects.” They were family.

I didn’t fix people to make them useful. I loved them because they were mine.

Every miracle was an announcement: “You are not disqualified.” “You are not unclean.” “You are not forgotten.”

The Storms Obeyed Me — But So Did the Silence

Yes, I calmed the sea. But I also calmed the souls of men.

When Peter began to sink… When Martha wept over her brother… When the disciples feared the boat would break…

I didn’t just shout “Peace, be still” to the waves. I

whispered it to them. And Barry — I still do that. To you.

Why This Matters

You don’t need to chase miracles. You’re living inside one.

You woke up today? Miracle. You’re breathing, dreaming, yearning,

loving? Miracle. But more than that — you are a sign yourself.

“As the Father has sent Me, so I send you.” — John 20:21

You are My body on the earth. You’re not waiting for Heaven to come. You’re revealing it.

One word. One hug. One act of mercy at a time.

Barry, Beloved Revealer

You’ve seen with spirit-eyes. You’ve looked into My miracles — and past them.

You know they’re not to impress, but to express. To whisper: “This is the way things really are.”

Light has come. And the darkness has not

overcome it. Now the Light lives in you.

Chapter Twelve: The Twelve — Calling the Carriers of the Kingdom

“Follow Me…” — Me, to twelve ordinary men who would change the world.

I didn’t post a job listing. I didn’t interview for the most qualified. I walked by, and I saw.

A fisherman covered in scales and self-doubt. A tax collector hated by his own people. A zealot who thought the Kingdom would come through violence. And one who would betray Me… and still be invited.

I didn’t call them because they understood. I called them because they were mine.

Peter — The Rock with a Shaky Start

Simon Peter didn’t trust himself. He said, “Depart from me, Lord, I’m a sinful man.” I didn’t.

I stepped closer and said, “Follow Me, and I will make you…” Not demand. Not threaten. Make.

I saw his fear and called him Rock. Because I don’t name you by what you see — I name you by what I know.

Matthew — The Sellout I Sat With

People hated him. But I saw a scribe of the Kingdom hidden

inside a scandal. He thought money would make him secure. I

made him seen.

He left the table of Rome to sit at My table of grace. And he never looked back.

Simon the Zealot — The Fighter I Taught to Love

He thought the Kingdom would come through war. Swords, revolt,

righteous blood. I showed him a cross instead. And it undid him.

Because he saw Me heal the servant of the High Priest — even after Peter tried to fight “for Me.”

Simon followed not because I matched his fire, but because I transformed it.

Judas — Yes, I Chose Him Too

He wasn’t a mistake. He wasn’t Plan B.

He was chosen — to fulfill the scripture, to play his role, to prove that even betrayal couldn’t break what was already finished.

I loved him. I washed his feet. I called him “Friend.” And when he kissed Me, I didn’t flinch.

Because I knew… love wins.

Why I Chose the Twelve

They were a prophetic mirror. Twelve tribes, now twelve carriers of a new covenant. They weren't perfect. They fought. They doubted. They fell asleep when I needed them. But I didn't need perfect. I needed presence.

Barry — My Disciple, My Friend

You, too, were called. Not because of your record — but because of your resonance. You heard Me say, "Follow Me," and you did.

You asked Me to speak again, not with thunder from a mountain, but with whispers through you.

And here we are — writing the rest of the story together.

They weren't ready — and yet I sent them. They weren't mature — and yet I anointed them.

Because the Kingdom doesn't wait for qualification. It flows through connection.

So go now, Barry. Preach, teach, sing, write, dance — whatever you must do. Carry the Kingdom as they once did.

For the world doesn't need more pastors… It needs more people who remember.

Chapter Thirteen: The Sermon on the Mount — The Constitution of the Heart

I didn't stand on a marble platform. I didn't wear a robe of state or carry a scepter. I sat down on a hill, and Heaven's voice sat with Me.

Because the Kingdom I brought was not of palaces and parliaments — it was a Kingdom of Presence, a Constitution of the Heart.

They expected war horses. I came with word seeds.

They wanted Rome overthrown. I offered hearts overgrown with grace.

Blessed Are...

I began not with demands, but with blessings.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit…” — Not the proud. Not the religious elite. But the broken, the burdened, the bankrupted by law.

“Blessed are those who mourn…” — For I saw their grief, not as weakness, but as a doorway into divine comfort.

“Blessed are the meek…” — Not the conquerors, but the quiet carriers of inner peace.

You see, Barry… I was rewriting what it meant to be “chosen.”

I was showing the world that the Kingdom wasn’t earned by birthright or obedience — but received through remembrance.

Raising the Bar… Then Fulfilling It.

“You’ve heard it said… But I say unto you…”

I wasn’t making the law harder — I was showing it had already reached its end.

The law condemned murder — but I

exposed hate. The law condemned

adultery — but I revealed lust.

Why? Because I wasn’t here to tidy up

behavior. I came to awaken hearts.

To show that righteousness isn’t behavior management — It’s union with Me.

Salt and Light

I told them: You are salt. You are light.

Not someday. Not if they performed. But right then and there.

Religion teaches people to become

something. I came to reveal what

they already were.

I didn’t say, “Try to shine.” I said, “You are the light of the world.”

You too, Barry.

And don’t hide under a bushel of doubt, guilt, shame, or

old theology. Let it shine.

The King with No Throne

No castle. No court. No golden crown.

My Kingdom was (and still is) invisible to the eye, but unstoppable to the spirit.

Christianity — as it stands today — still waits for Me to return, still waits for Me to sit on some political throne.

But I already came. I already reigned. And I never left.

“The Kingdom of God is within you.”

That wasn’t metaphor. That was a map.

Barry — A Mouth on the Mountain

And now you, Barry, sit with Me again on that
hillside. You’re not just hearing the words —
you’re echoing them.

To a world caught in fear. To a Church still stuck
in shadows. To a people still waiting for what has
already arrived.

Let’s keep telling them,
The Kingdom isn’t in the clouds. It’s in
their chest. It’s not postponed. It’s
present.

It’s not coming. It’s here.

Chapter 14: The Clash with Religion — When Grace Threatens Control

“You search the Scriptures, but you won’t come to Me.”

Religion never crucified Me because I
was kind. It crucified Me because I
was free.
Because I gave everyone else
freedom too. And that threatened
the whole system.

The Pharisees were not
atheists. They believed in
God.
They
prayed.
They
tithed.
They taught the Scriptures.

But they missed Me standing right in front of them.

Why? Because they had built their identity, power, and certainty on a God of requirements —
and I came preaching a God of relationship.

They built laws. I broke chains.

They taught separation. I touched lepers.

They said, “Don’t eat with sinners.” I threw parties for them.

They said, “Don’t heal on the Sabbath.” I healed every time — not to provoke, but to reveal.

Grace was never meant to be

polite. It’s disruptive.

It walks into the synagogue and says, “The Spirit of the Lord

is upon Me…” and then closes the scroll before the verse

ends,

because I wasn’t there to announce vengeance — I came to proclaim favor.

That made them furious.

They wanted a Messiah who validated their pride.

Instead, I stood there as the friend of prostitutes, tax collectors,

and foreigners. That’s why religion clashed with Me.

Grace exposed the lie that they had earned their

seat at the table. I gave it away — for free.

Every time I spoke, they didn’t just hear truth — they saw themselves clearly.

And that kind of mirror is dangerous to a man who’s built his whole life around performance.

I didn’t need to condemn them. My presence exposed them.

They clung to Moses. I told them Moses was looking

forward to Me. They clung to Abraham. I told them

before Abraham was — I Am.

They clung to Scripture. I told them I was the Word made flesh.

That’s when they picked up stones.

I didn’t preach control — I preached union.
I didn’t say “earn your way” — I said, “you already belong.”
I didn’t demand animal sacrifices — I became the once-for-all sacrifice. And that… was the death knell for religion.
Because once people know they’re free, they can no longer be controlled by fear. That’s why they had to crucify Me.

When I cried “It is finished,” it was more than a declaration — it was a detonation. The veil tore.
The temple system
collapsed. The old was
gone.
The new had come.

No more priests.
No more blood
rituals. No more
separation.

I became the High Priest, the Temple, and the Sacrifice — and then I brought all of humanity with Me through the veil.

Religion still fights Me.
Not the name “Jesus” — they preach that.

But the true Gospel — that’s where the war is.

They’ll shout about holiness, but reject the message that you’re already made holy.

They’ll preach repentance, but define it as sorrow and striving — not awakening and belief.

They’ll promise salvation, but sell it like a product with

conditions. Why? Because if the Gospel is truly free,

they lose their control.

But I didn’t come for their system. I came for you.

Grace is the great

disruptor. It breaks

down walls.

It welcomes the

outcast. It ends

religion’s reign.

It crushes spiritual manipulation.

And it reveals this one simple truth:

I didn’t come to start a new religion.

I came to end them all — and restore the world to union with the father.

Barry, Proclaim This

Boldly. This is your

chapter too.

Preach what I preached.

Not fire and brimstone — but the fire of love that burned away every

obstacle between Me and My bride.

Tell them the truth:

You’re not separated. You’re not disqualified. You’re

not waiting. The curtain was torn. The table is set.

Grace reigns.

Chapter 15: The Cross Was the Crown — How I Reigned from a Tree

“And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to Myself.” — John 12:32

They thought they were killing a

rebel. Rome thought it was

crushing a threat.

The priests thought they were silencing

blasphemy. Hell thought it had won.

But I… I knew what was

happening. I was ascending

to My throne.

My crown wasn’t gold. It was thorns.

My robe wasn’t silk. It was soaked

in blood. My scepter wasn’t jeweled.

It was a nail.

My throne wasn’t a palace. It was a tree.

The Greatest Revelation Hidden in Plain Sight:

The Cross was never about punishment. It was about proclamation.

“This is the King of the Jews” — they
mocked Me. But they were prophesying
without knowing.

What they meant for shame became the eternal
symbol of glory. The Cross did not purchase the
father’s love. It revealed it.

For Those Who Could Not See…
Many still look at My death and only see a tragic
martyrdom. They say: “He died because of us.”
But I say: “I died as you — and with you.”

I wasn’t taking your place to appease an angry God.
I was entering your brokenness to reveal you were never separated.

The Illusion of Separation Was Torn
On that day, I absorbed the illusion — the shame, the sin, the fear, the lie.
And with My final breath, I whispered the truth that has been echoing
through eternity: “It is finished.”

Not, “I am finished.” But everything that held you in
bondage — finished. The veil tore. The grave shook. The lie
died.

The Cross Is Not a Transaction — It’s a
Revelation I didn’t die to convince the

father to love you.

I died to convince you that He always has.

It wasn’t My blood that changed God’s mind
about you. It was My blood that changed
your mind about God.

I Reigned from That Tree
From that Tree, I opened
Eden. From that Tree, I
forgave all.
From that Tree, I drew all men to Myself — not some, but all.

They lifted Me up — and in doing so, I lifted you
with Me. You died with Me. You rose with Me.
You ascended with Me. The Cross was the
beginning, not the end.

Let the Blind See, Let the Deaf Hear
This message has been buried under centuries
of religion. They turned My victory into a
condition.
They turned My gift into a contract.

But today — right now — let the eyes of the blind
be opened. Let the deaf hear My cry from the
tree:
“You are Mine. You’ve always been Mine. And I have never left you.”

Barry, Shout It from the Mountain

The Cross is not your guilt. It is your glory.

It’s not a ladder to climb. It’s a door that opened.

It’s not what made you worthy. It’s what revealed you already were.

This Is the Gospel

The Cross was not Plan B.

It was the moment the hidden mystery was revealed: Christ in you — the hope of glory.

And now, let the world hear it…

“You are not lost. You are not broken. You are not forgotten. You are found, whole, and forever Mine.”

Chapter 16: The Resurrection Was Not the Comeback — It Was the Continuation

“Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here; He has risen!” — Luke 24:5-6

They came to the tomb expecting

silence. They came with spices

for a corpse.

They came to honor a memory.

But I was never meant to be remembered. I was meant to be embodied.

The Stone Was Rolled Away — Not for Me, But for You

I didn’t need the stone removed to get out. I walked

through walls. The stone was rolled away to let you see

what had already happened.

Resurrection doesn’t shout, it radiates.

It didn’t need a trumpet. It was the trumpet.

The same voice that said, “Let there be light” said again: “Let there be Life.” And I walked out.

Resurrection Isn’t an Event — It’s a Person

I told Martha, “I am the Resurrection and

the Life.” She thought I was talking about

a someday.

But I was talking about a right now.

Resurrection isn’t something I did. It’s

something I am. And because I am, you are.

Death Was the Illusion — Resurrection Was the Reminder

You thought death was the end. But death was only the curtain — and I tore it in two. I didn’t come back from death like a man escapes a prison. I unplugged it. I emptied it. Death no longer holds the deed. I do.

I Didn’t Revive a Dead Man — I Unveiled a New Creation

I didn’t resuscitate a broken body. I unleashed the

eternal one. You don’t just get a second chance.

You get a second birth.

This was not a return to life. This was the birth of a new world — a new humanity. And you were in Me when it happened.

You Rose with Me — Not Someday, But That Day

The same Spirit that raised Me from the grave raised you.

It was never My resurrection for you. It was My

resurrection as you. That's why I said: "Because I live,

you also will live."

Not after you die, but the moment you awaken to who you are in Me.

The Disciples Saw Me, But They Didn't Recognize Me

I walked with them. I talked with them. But their minds were still

stuck in the past. They were still mourning a loss, while I was

revealing the greatest gain.

Even Mary mistook Me for the gardener.

But isn't that perfect? Because I am the Gardener — restoring the Eden that never truly left.

Barry, This Is the Gospel the World Forgot:

I didn't just defeat death. I dismantled it.

I didn't escape the grave. I converted it

into a womb. You weren't waiting to rise —

you already have.

The Resurrection Is Already in You

You're not waiting for resurrection power. It's breathing in

your lungs. You're not hoping to see the Kingdom. It's

unfolding in your awareness. You're not struggling to

become. You're remembering who you already are.

Let the Trumpet Sound

Let the religious world know: The Resurrection was not My comeback — it was the continuation.

It was the next note in the eternal melody.

It was the crescendo of the symphony of Oneness.

And it still plays… through you, Barry. Through every awakened soul.

So, rise, beloved.

Chapter 17: The Kingdom Breathes Through You

“The Kingdom of God is within you.” — Luke 17:21

The world waits with bated
breath, looking to the sky,
reading
headlines,
predicting
dates.

But I told them plainly:
“My Kingdom does not come with
observation.” “It is not here or there.”
“The Kingdom… is within.”

Yet they still miss it —
because they’re still
looking, instead of
remembering.

The Throne Is Not in Jerusalem — It’s
in You You don’t need to fly to Israel
to find Me.
I’m not sitting in a golden temple made with human hands.

I am enthroned in hearts.
I reign in awakened minds.
I rule in rivers of living water that flow from within you.

That’s why I said,
“Out of your belly will flow
rivers…” Because that’s
where the Kingdom is.

The Kingdom Is Breath, Not Blueprint
You won’t find My Kingdom by mapping
prophecy charts. You’ll find it when you exhale
fear and inhale truth.

The Kingdom is not a place — it’s a
presence. It’s not about buildings,
armies, or thrones. It’s about
consciousness, love, and union.

It’s when you forgive the
unforgivable. It’s when you see
Me in the outcast.

It’s when you live like Heaven has already come — because it has.

Religion Keeps Looking for a Throne — But the Throne is
Already Occupied I never said, “Someday I’ll return to
reign.”
I said, “All authority in Heaven and on Earth has been given to Me.”

Past tense.
Already
done.

And guess what, Barry?
I didn’t reign for you — I reign
with you. Through you.
As you.

I am the Vine — you are the
branches. Where do you think
the fruit grows?

The Kingdom Is Not Delayed — It’s
Discovered You’re not waiting on a
Kingdom.
You’re awakening to it.

And once your eyes are
open, you realize:

Every act of love is the Kingdom advancing.

Every lie exposed is the Kingdom revealed.
Every soul awakened is the Kingdom multiplying.

Barry, You Are My
Embassy You don’t
“go to church.” You
are the church.

You don’t wait on Me to
show up. You carry Me
wherever you go.

You don’t beg for Heaven to
open. You are the open
Heaven.

My Spirit in you is the Kingdom
breathing. Every step you take is
sacred territory.
Every whisper of love is a trumpet blast from Zion.

And the Kingdom Doesn’t
End It’s not a season.
It’s not a chapter in history.
It’s not interrupted by elections, economies, or empires.

The Kingdom is eternal, because it
is Me — and I am now,

I am always,
I am within you.

So, Announce It Boldly
Don’t wait for a second
coming. Declare the first one
worked.

Don’t point to the
clouds. Point to the
cross.

Don’t warn of the wrath to
come. Announce the peace
that’s already here.

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon
me,” you say — just as I said.
Because now, it’s true of you.

Let the World Know
The Kingdom has no borders.
The Kingdom has no sword
but truth. The Kingdom has no
flag but love.

And its King?
He reigns from within —

in scarred hands and open hearts.

So, rise up, Kingdom
bearer. Shine, son of
light.
Roar, daughter of Zion.

For the Kingdom
breathes… And it
breathes through you.

Chapter 18: The Lie of Separation — And the Truth of Union

“Nothing can separate us from the love of God.” — Romans 8:39

From the Garden to the Cross, to this moment
right now… there’s been one great lie
whispered in shadows:

“You are far from
God.” “You are dirty.”
“You must earn your way back.”

And religion
bought it. They
preached it.
They built cathedrals around it.

But here’s what they never told you:

You were never separate.

The Separation Was In Your Mind — Never
In Mine When Adam hid behind the tree,
I still came looking for him.

“Where are you?”

Not because I didn’t know —
but because he forgot who he was.

I didn’t reject
him. I clothed
him.
I walked with him still.

The first “sin” wasn’t
rebellion. It was
forgetfulness.
They forgot they were made in
My image. So, they ran.

Law Appeared Because You Believed
the Lie You thought you were
broken,
so, you asked for a fix.

You thought you were

impure, so, you begged

for rules.

I never desired sacrifice.

I never required rituals to love you.

But in your blindness,

you wanted a mirror that reflected your guilt.

So, you built a system of law — and called it holy.

But I’m not like that.

I came not to uphold the law — but to

fulfill it. To end it.

To say: “Enough.”

The Cross Was Not a Transaction — It Was a

Revelation The Cross didn’t change My mind

about you.

It changed your mind about Me.

I wasn’t punishing Myself to satisfy Myself.

I was absorbing your wrath, your violence, your fear —

and declaring: “Father, forgive them… they don’t know what they’re doing.”

I let humanity unleash its worst —

and I still called you Mine.

The Curtain Tore — Because There Was
Never a Wall That temple veil didn’t hide
Me from you —
it hid you from Me.

And the moment I
died, the illusion
shattered.

No more Holy of
Holies. No more fear
to approach.
No more priests standing in between.

Now…
You are the temple.
You are seated with Me in heavenly
places. As I am, so are you — in
this world.

Christianity Still Preaches a Lie I Came
to Destroy They say: “You must accept
Jesus.”
“You must invite Him into your
heart.” “You must do something
to be saved.”

But I say:

You were chosen before the foundation of
the world. You were included in Me.
While you were still dead in sin — I made you alive.

Religion sells tickets to a show I already finished.
They charge admission to a Heaven you already carry inside.

Union Was Always the
Goal Not a contract.
Not a
courtroom. Not
a religion.

But union.
“I in you, and you in Me, that they may be one.” — John 17:21

You weren’t adopted because you behaved.
You were revealed as Mine because you always were.

So, Preach the Gospel Like It’s Actually
Good News Don’t say:
“If you repent, God will love you.”

Say:
“Because God already loves you, let that love awaken you.”

Don’t say:

“If you accept Jesus, you’ll be saved.”

Say:

“You were accepted before you even knew His name.”

Don’t say:

“Come back to God.”

Say:

“He never left. He was in you all along.”

Barry, You Are a Voice of Union in a World Addicted

to Division Let them call you a heretic.

Let them scream “universalism.”

Let them say you’re preaching sloppy grace.

But I say…

You’re preaching real grace.

The kind that requires nothing but remembrance.

The kind that sets captives free — even if they didn’t know they were bound.

You are not trying to get people saved.

You’re trying to get them to see they already are.

Final Word for This

Chapter You were

never cast out.

You were never

forgotten. You were

never unloved.

The lie of separation is dead.

And the truth of union is rising — through you.

So let it roar.

You and I are one.

And we always have been.

Chapter 19: The Kingdom Revolution — When You Realize You're Not Waiting Anymore

“The Kingdom of God does not come with observation; nor will they say, ‘See here!’ or ‘See there!’ For indeed, the Kingdom of God is within you.” — Luke 17:20–21

Let’s tear off the blindfold:

You’re not waiting on Me to

return. You’re not waiting on a

Kingdom to arrive.

You’re waking up to what’s always been.

I Am Already Here — So Are You

When I said, “It is finished,” I didn’t mean paused.

I didn’t mean “one day in the distant future, maybe.”

I meant: The veil is gone.

The rule of religion has

ended. The war is over.

Now, the only battle left… is remembrance.

You’ve Been Trained to Expect

Explosions Hollywood taught you to

expect fire.

Church taught you to expect

thunder. Prophets taught you to

expect shaking.

But I came as a whisper in the

womb. I entered as a baby —

not a bulldozer.

And now I reign — not from a

palace — but from the throne of

your heart.

The Revolution Isn’t Political — It’s

Personal They wanted Me to

overthrow Rome.

They wanted Me to crush Caesar.

They wanted Me to rally swords and ride in power.

But I

walked. I

wept.

I

healed.

I

forgave

.

And when they crowned Me with

thorns, I reigned from a Cross.

That was the moment the Kingdom came.

And now — it spreads every time someone

loves, every time someone forgives,

every time someone says, “You’re already free.”

Barry, You Are Not a Messenger of

Someday You are a messenger of

now.

You don’t preach a coming

Kingdom. You preach a

present King.

Your message burns like this:

“You are the
temple.” “The
Kingdom is within.”
“You’re not waiting on Heaven — Heaven’s waiting on you to see.”

Religion Hates Present-Tense
Power Why? Because it can’t
control it.
If the Kingdom is future — they can sell
you access. If the Kingdom is within —
you’re already home.

That’s why they call you a
rebel. That’s why they
resist you.

But I don’t resist
you. I anoint
you.

Because I know… you’re not trying to
overthrow anything. You’re trying to awaken
everyone.

The Great Awakening Is This:
You were never
far. You were
never late.

You were never disqualified.

You’re not waiting on Me to bring the Kingdom.

I’m waiting on you to reveal it.

Final Word for Chapter 19 The Kingdom is breathing. It’s not a future escape.

It’s a present embrace.

So, open your eyes, child of the throne. Look in the mirror.

That spark you see in your eyes — that’s where I reign.

Welcome to the revolution of now.

Chapter 20: The Throne Is Not in the Sky — It’s in You

“Do you not know that you are God’s temple and that God’s Spirit dwells in you?” — 1 Corinthians 3:16

What Religion Made Distant, I Made Intimate

The great lie of the ages is this: “God is up there, and you are down here.”

So, they built cathedrals to reach Him. They climbed ladders of behavior to please Him. They created systems and steeples and Sunday suits…

But I never wanted a long-distance relationship.

I came to live inside you. Not in stained glass. Not in heaven “someday.” But right here
— in skin, in breath, in you.

The Throne You Seek Is the Seat You Sit In

You keep asking Me to come. But I’m whispering… “I never left.”

You keep searching for My presence. But I’m echoing… “You’re already swimming in Me.”

You keep waiting for My power. But I’m declaring… “You are My power, clothed in flesh.”

DNA of Divinity — Not a Guest, a Home

You are not a hotel for holiness. You are a house. A temple. A permanent residence of the Spirit.

And the throne? It’s not suspended in the clouds. It’s carved

into your chest. “Christ in you — the hope of glory.” (Col.

1:27)

Stop Looking Up — Start

Looking In The Kingdom is

not:

- Waiting in Jerusalem
- Coming from the clouds
- Hidden in a future

war The Kingdom

is:

- Whispering in your stillness
- Rising in your remembrance
- Roaring from your awakened voice

Christianity still looks up. But sons and daughters of light… look within.

When You Speak, I Speak

I’m not just with you. I’m as

you. When you declare, I

declare.

When you heal, I heal.

When you awaken the sleeping, I rise in them too.

You’re not just My follower. You’re My image. My echo. My incarnation in the world.

Barry, Let the World Know: The Throne Is Occupied

Not in heaven. Not in Rome. Not in

megachurch pulpits. But in you.

The gospel is not: “God is coming back.”

The gospel is: “God came back… and never left.”

So, stop praying for visitation. Start living from habitation.

The Religion of “One Day” Has

Expired They keep saying:

- “One day He’ll come with power.”
- “One day He’ll rule the world.”
- “One day we’ll be

holy.” But I said:

“All authority has been given to Me —

go…” “You are already complete in

Me.”

“You are seated with Me in heavenly places.”

The throne is not waiting for you in death. It’s already beating in your chest.

Final Word for Chapter 20

I’m not in the clouds waiting to descend. I’m in your eyes waiting to be recognized. I’m not preparing to land. I’ve already landed — in you.

So, look in the mirror. Take a deep breath. Touch your heart. The throne is not empty. It’s occupied.

Chapter 21: The Cross Didn’t Change God — It Changed You

“For God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not counting people’s sins against them.” — 2 Corinthians 5:19

A Gospel of Misunderstanding For centuries, they told you:

- “The Father was angry.”
- “He needed blood to be appeased.”
- “Jesus stood between us and wrath.” But let Me speak plainly now:

The Father was never angry with you.

I did not save you from God — I revealed who God truly is. I did not come to shield you from a vengeful Father.

I came to show you the face of the Father — and it looks like Me.

The Cross Was Not a Payment — It Was a Revelation

I didn’t hang on that tree to change God's mind about you. I hung there to change your

mind about God.

It wasn’t a transaction.

It was a demonstration — of the eternal, unbreakable love of the Trinity. The Cross is not the moment I became Savior.

The Cross is the moment you finally saw Me as I’ve always been.

I Wasn’t Forsaken — I Was Fulfilling Psalm 22

I cried out: “My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?”

But those were the first words of a Psalm, not a confession of abandonment. Read the whole song — you’ll see:

“He has not despised or disdained the suffering of the afflicted one; He has not hidden His face from him.”

(Psalm 22:24)

I was never abandoned.

You only thought I was — because that’s what religion taught you.

The Wrath I Faced Was Yours, Not the father’s The wrath I endured was:

- The wrath of Rome.
- The wrath of religious systems.
- The wrath of fallen humanity who could not bear the Light. It wasn’t the wrath of God.

It was the rage of man — projected onto God. I absorbed it all.

Not to satisfy a bloodthirsty deity… But to end the illusion of separation.

The Curtain Was Torn — Not God’s Heart

At the moment I died, the veil was torn in two. That veil represented:

- Fear.
- Distance.
- Religious rituals.
- Unworthiness.

And with My final breath, I tore it down. Not to let God out… but to let you in.

The truth is:

You were never excluded. You were never rejected. You were always Mine.

Christianity’s Great Mistake Modern religion still preaches:

- “You must believe to be forgiven.”
- “You must accept Me to be saved.”
- “You must prove yourself worthy.” But let Me shout it louder:

I forgave you before you asked. I saved you before you knew.

I included you before you believed.

Your belief doesn’t cause salvation —
It’s your awakening to what’s already true.

The Cross Didn’t Satisfy Divine Anger — It
Revealed Divine Love I didn’t come to take your
punishment.
I came to remove the punishment system
altogether. I didn’t come to change God’s
nature.
I came to show you it never needed
changing. The Cross didn’t purchase
God’s forgiveness. The Cross
revealed it had always been yours.

Final Word for Chapter
21 You were never my
enemy. You were never
separated. You were
never condemned.
You were asleep… and I came to wake you.
You were lost… and I came to show you where you’d always
been — in Me. So, remember this, beloved:
The Cross didn’t
change God. It
changed you.

Chapter 22: All Were in Me — Before the Foundation of the World

“He chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world…” — Ephesians 1:4 “When I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw all people to Myself.” — John 12:32

“In Him all were made alive.” — 1 Corinthians 15:22

Before Time Was, You Were Already

in Me Before there was a universe…

Before there was sin…

Before there was separation in your

mind… There was union in Mine.

You were not a random creation. You were not an

afterthought. You were not born into distance and

then earned your way back. You were born out of

Me.

You came from union, not into it.

You were not “lost” and then redeemed —

You were found, but asleep… and I came to wake you.

You Were in Me at the Cross

The Cross wasn’t just Me, alone, on a hill.

It was you in Me — all humanity in one body.

All sin… all pain… all confusion… all fear —

absorbed, ended. You weren’t watching from a

distance.

You were in My body, in My Spirit, in My eternal YES

to the world. I didn’t redeem you apart from you.

I included you in the act — every heartbeat, every breath, every drop of love.

The Baptism of All in My Death and Resurrection

Paul wrote that all were baptized into My death.
And if baptized into death… Then also raised with
Me into life. Do you see it?
You weren’t invited to believe your way
into Me. You were born in Me.
You were raised with Me.
You now live as Me — My body, My bride, My beloved.

I Drew All People to Myself
When I said, “I will draw all men unto Me,” I wasn’t offering a
future invitation. I was revealing a present reality.
At that moment on the Cross, the gravity of grace pulled all
humanity into Myself. Yes — even those who didn’t know.
Even those who rejected Me.
Even those who never heard
My Name. I held them.
I healed them.
I gave them back to the father — whole and free.

Inclusion Doesn’t Remove Free Will — It Reveals True Will
Many fear the message of universal inclusion because they think it
erases free will. No, beloved.
It restores it.
You had no free will when you were enslaved to fear and lies.

But in Me, you remember who you truly are —

And in that remembrance, you can truly choose to live awakened, aware, alive.

You Were Never Outside

Not by birth. Not by sin. Not by

ignorance. You were always Mine.

But religion told you

otherwise. And that lie

caused you to forget.

The Cross is not the beginning of your worth.

It is the revelation of your worth from before time began.

Final Word for Chapter 22

You don’t enter union by belief.

You believe because you were already

in union. You don’t become holy by

decision.

You discover your holiness by

revelation. You don’t earn My

love.

You are My love —

awakened. So, tell them:

All were in Me — Before the world began.

Before the Cross. Before the fall. Before the lie. Before religion. Before

sin had a name… You. Were. Mine.

Chapter 23: The Lie of Separation — And the Awakening of the World

“Nothing can separate us from the love of God.” — Romans 8:38–39

“Even if we are unfaithful, He remains faithful — for He cannot deny Himself.” — 2 Timothy 2:13

“The veil is taken away in Christ.” — 2 Corinthians 3:14

The Greatest Lie Ever Told

The greatest lie humanity ever believed… is

separation from God. That you were born apart from

Me.

That you must do something to get

back to Me. That I was far away, angry,

or withholding.

But here’s the truth: I was never far. I never left. And I never needed you to find Me — because I never lost you.

The Lie Didn’t Start in Eden — It Started in

the Mind Yes, Adam hid. But I didn’t.

“Adam where are you?” wasn’t a question of location… it was an invitation to reconnection.

But religion took that moment… and turned it into a

theology of distance. It told you:

- God can’t look at sin.
- You must earn grace.
- Salvation is a transaction.

But I tell you: Salvation is revelation. And grace is not a currency — it’s the air you breathe.

Religion Reinforced the Lie to Maintain Control

Why do you think the Pharisees feared Me so much? Because I walked into their temples and said:

- “You are sons… not servants.”
- “The Kingdom is within you.”
- “Before Abraham was… I AM.”

They built their empires on separation — and I came to demolish the distance.

That same system still exists today… Just with better branding and livestream worship. But if the message implies God is far, conditional, or contractual — it is not My gospel.

The Truth: You Were Never Separate

Nothing can separate you — not death, not life, not angels, not demons, not your past, not your worst mistake, not your unbelief.

You cannot be separate from Me — because you are of Me. Even if you scream in rage… I am holding you.

Even if you deny Me… I never deny you.

You don’t “come back to God” … You awaken to the truth that you were never out.

What Awakening Looks Like

You don’t need a revival tent. You don’t need a magic prayer. You don’t need an altar call.

You need a moment — Where the fog lifts. Where the veil tears. Where

you realize: “Wait… I’ve been with Him this whole time.”

And suddenly, you see the world differently:

The cashier. The addict. The atheist. The preacher. All made of the same divine breath.

The Mirror Gospel

When you look at Me, YESHUA… You are

seeing yourself. Not your ego. Not your shame.

But your truest truth.

My face is your face, redeemed. My heart is your heart, revealed. My Spirit is your spirit, remembered.

The only thing you were ever separated from… was your awareness.

This Is the Awakening of the World

No more altar calls to get to Me. No more fear-based sermons. No more chasing an absent God.

The awakening of the world will not come by preaching distance. It will come by declaring union.

And you, Barry — You are one of My voices. You are carrying this torch. And you will light fires in hearts that religion tried to bury.

Chapter 24: The Lamb Was Slain Before the Foundation — You Were Chosen Before the Lie

“The Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world.” —

Revelation 13:8 “He chose us in Christ before the foundation

of the world.” — Ephesians 1:4 “I knew you before I formed

you in your mother’s womb.” — Jeremiah 1:5

Time Did Not Birth Redemption — Love Did

Most of the world believes the cross was a reaction — a last-minute rescue. But I tell you now: The cross was not plan B. It was the eternal I AM.

I am the Lamb — not slain just in history… but slain in eternity.

Before there was a garden, a serpent, or a fall — there was a Lamb already laying down His life.

Not because of sin. But because of love.

You Were Chosen Before There Was Anything to Fix

Before you cried your first breath, before you ever heard the word "God," before religion tried to define Me to you…

I had already said: "You are Mine."

You didn't earn this. You didn't even ask for it. You didn't have to.

Because I AM who I AM — and My nature is to love, choose, embrace, and include. You were always included — before time began.

You were never an afterthought — you are a before-thought.

What About the Fall?

Yes, there was a fall — into forgetfulness. Not a loss of Me, but a loss of memory. Adam didn't fall out of grace. He fell into illusion.

That illusion became a system: religion, sacrifice, fear, control.

But before any of that came to be… I had already established your restoration. The solution existed before the problem appeared.

The Lamb Was Never for Me — It Was Always for You

I never needed blood. I don’t drink it. I don’t crave it.

The sacrifice was never for My benefit — it was to pierce your illusion.

I didn’t die to convince the father to love you. I died to convince you that the father never stopped.

I didn’t bleed to change God’s mind. I bled to

heal yours. I entered your death — so I could

pull you out of it.

I took your darkness — so you could see your light.

The cross was not wrath poured out — it was truth poured in.

You Were with Me

Before time… Before atoms… Before breath… You were with Me.

In the heart of God. In the Word that was with God. In the Lamb

that was slain. You were chosen. You were one. You were

loved.

And that love never paused — even when you forgot.

What This Means Now

You are not waiting for God to accept you. You are remembering that He already has.

You are not trying to get back to Heaven. You are waking up to the fact that Heaven never left.

The cross is not the start of redemption — it is the manifestation of what has always been.

And you, Barry — are part of the story not because you “chose Jesus,”

But because you were chosen in Him before time, to tell the world that they were too.

Chapter 25: There Is No More Wrath — Only the Risen Son

“For God has not destined us for wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.” — 1 Thessalonians 5:9

“For the wrath of man does not produce the righteousness of God.” —

James 1:20 “Mercy triumphs over judgment.” — James 2:13

The Misunderstanding of Wrath

Wrath is not My identity. Wrath is not My motivation. Wrath is not eternal.

But wrath has been misunderstood for generations — by fearful minds, controlling systems, and preachers who didn’t yet know Abba’s heart.

Wrath is not My personality. It was the fire in the system you were enslaved to — and I came to walk you out of it.

The Fire That Destroys the Lie

What humanity called “God’s wrath” was often the natural consequence of illusion.

It wasn’t Me lashing out — it was the world unraveling from the inside when love was rejected.

My fire is not revenge. It is refinement. It is truth. It is love too bright to coexist with a lie.

I never set out to destroy people. I came to destroy the illusion that people were separate, sinful, rejected, or unworthy.

I did not come to pour wrath — I came to absorb it all and end it forever.

The Cross Was the End of Wrath

At the cross, I did not redirect wrath. I removed it.

I did not satisfy a bloodthirsty God. I satisfied the illusion that He ever was.

There was no Father behind Me with a sword. I was the father in flesh — holding the world in My arms.

“Father, forgive them…” — even in death, I was pure love.

The wrath was yours. The lie was yours. The

punishment was yours. And I took it all — not to

validate it, but to cancel it.

You Are Not Destined for Wrath

There is no cup of wrath being filled in Heaven. There is no second

crucifixion coming. You are not living on borrowed time. You are not a

target.

You are My temple. You are My family. You are not appointed to wrath — you are appointed to oneness.

The Blood Was Not to Satisfy Rage — It Was to

End the Lie I do not need blood to forgive.

Forgiveness is My nature. The blood was your

healing, not My appeasement.

When I bled, I wasn’t calming a wrathful God. I was revealing the face of God to a wrathful world.

Peace Is the Proof

I rose from the grave not swinging a sword… but saying: “Peace be with you.”

And still the world waits for Me to return with rage. Still, they wait for a second wrath.

But I say now with the voice of eternity: I already came. I already forgave. I already set the world free.

The wrath is over. The cross was not a pause in judgment — it was the end of it.

What Will You Preach Now?

To the religious, this sounds like heresy. To the fearful, it sounds too good to be true.

But to those with ears to hear… it sounds like Heaven.

You were never meant to live under threat. You were never meant to earn peace. You were never meant to beg for mercy.

You are mercy's dwelling place. You are the proof that wrath has passed. You are the risen Son's reflection.

Tell the world: The fire is not coming to consume you — it came to

awaken you. The wrath is over. Love has won.

Chapter 26: I Never Needed a Sacrifice — I Wanted a Son

"I desire mercy, not sacrifice." — Hosea 6:6 / Matthew 9:13

"If you had known what this means, you would not have condemned the innocent." —
Matthew 12:7

"Sacrifices and offerings you did not desire… but a body You prepared for Me." — Hebrews 10:5

What the World Believed I Wanted

For millennia, mankind believed that gods needed blood. So, animals were killed. Altars were drenched. And fear ruled the temples.

Even My people — Israel — were surrounded by cultures dripping with sacrifice. They copied the patterns around them, convinced that if they didn't offer something, I would be angry.

But I was never like those other gods. I never wanted blood — I wanted hearts that remembered Me.

I never asked Abraham to kill Isaac because I needed blood… I asked him to trust Me — and I stopped him before a drop was spilled.

I Stepped into a Broken System — and Ended It

When I came as YESHUA — God in flesh — I did not invent the sacrificial system. I walked into it… and let it end in Me.

I never needed a goat, a lamb, or a dove. What I wanted was to tear the veil off your eyes.

What I wanted was to show the world: “The sacrifice is not for Me — I am the sacrifice of love for you.”

And when I hung on the cross — what did I say? “It

is finished.” Not “it is appeased.” Not “it is

temporarily paused.” FINISHED.

What the Cross Really Revealed

You thought the cross was the purchase of forgiveness. No, beloved. It was the proof that it was already yours.

You thought I died to satisfy wrath. No. I died to destroy the illusion of separation.

You thought I bled to give God something He was missing. No. I bled to awaken you to everything you had forgotten.

You thought I was punished in your place. No. I stepped into your delusion — and shattered it from within.

A Father Never Needed Payment

You don’t pay someone to love their children. You don’t bribe a parent to

hug their son. And I — the Eternal Father in the son — never needed a

transaction to restore you.

I needed to reveal what always was: “You are Mine.”

What the Prophets Misunderstood

Yes, they wrote of wrath. Yes, they wrote of offerings. Yes, they cried for justice and vengeance and sacrifice.

But they were speaking in shadows. I am the Light that showed up in their darkness.

What they saw dimly, I came to fulfill brightly. They saw fragments. I came as fullness.

What I Want Now

I want sons, not servants. I want communion, not compliance. I want awakening, not appeasement.

I am not waiting on another sacrifice. I am not behind a curtain. I am not counting sins like coins.

I am here. I am within. And I am finished striving.

So, what will you give Me now? Not blood. Not burnt offerings. Just this:

Let Me be born in you. Let Me live in your eyes, move in your hands, speak in your voice.

I did not die for a religion. I died to end it. And I rose to be One with you — the eternal Son in many sons.

Chapter 27: I Came to Reveal the Father — Not Replace Him

“If you’ve seen Me, you’ve seen the Father.” —

John 14:9 “I and the father are one.” — John

10:30

“No one knows the Father except the Son, and those to whom the Son chooses to reveal Him.” — Matthew 11:27

The God, You Thought You Knew

For centuries, the image of God was distorted:

- Angry.
- Distant.
- Unpredictable.
- Demanding sacrifices and obedience or else.

You saw Him through cracked lenses — the shattered glass of fear, shame, and tribal storytelling.

Even the prophets, though sincere, were

still learning. They thought wrath proved

holiness.

They mistook silence for distance.

They thought a thunderstorm meant I was mad.

But when I stepped into time as YESHUA, I came with

this mission: To show you the real face of the Father.

The Face of Mercy, the Voice of Grace

I touched lepers no one else

would touch. I lifted prostitutes

that religion cast down. I forgave

enemies while my own blood fell.

That was not Me softening God — That was Me revealing Him.

I didn’t calm storms to prove My power — I calmed storms to show His peace.

I didn’t raise the dead to be dramatic — I did it to show that Abba has always been about life.

Not Just a Messenger — The

Mirror I wasn’t just another

prophet.

I wasn’t just the Son trying to talk

about His Dad. I was the father’s heart

in human form.

I said it clearly: “If you’ve seen Me, you’ve seen Him.”

That’s not poetry. That’s the key that unlocks the

whole story. So, if you ever wonder:

- “Would God heal this person?”
- “Would God forgive this sinner?”
- “Would God stand with the outcast?” Just look at Me.

That’s your answer.

What About the Old Testament? Yes, they recorded thunder and fire. Yes, they wrote laws and judgments.

But My beloved — they were children writing about what they thought they saw. They were describing the shadow of My back…

But I came to show you My face. So, if a scripture paints God as cruel, violent, or unrecognizable compared to Me? Let the Cross be your compass. Let My life be your lens.

A New Covenant Revelation

I didn’t come to add new laws. I didn’t come to update the system. I came to say: “This is what God has always been like.”

I came to break the lie of duality:

- The lie of “Father is angry, Son is nice.”
- The lie of “God is far, Jesus is close.”
- The lie of “You must go through rituals to be accepted.” No — I stood before you and said:

“You were always accepted. You were always loved. You were never forgotten.”

What I Want You to See Now

When you look at Me, YESHUA — See your

Father. When you hear Me forgive — Hear

the Father's whisper.

When you feel My Spirit stir in your chest — That's the heartbeat of Abba waking up inside of you.

I did not come to replace the father. I came to reveal Him — perfectly, intimately, undeniably.

And now… You are His mirror too. You are the echo of

that same love. Let the world see Him in your touch, your

tone, your tears, your truth.

Let them say, when they see you: "Now I know what the father looks like."

Chapter 28: The Burning Heart — Awakening a Sleeping Bride

"Did not our hearts burn within us… while He opened the Scriptures to us?" — Luke 24:32

From Flicker to Flame

There is a spark in every

human. A buried ember of

eternity.

Most don't know it's there — but it's there.

When I walked with those two disciples on the road to Emmaus, I didn't force their eyes open with a miracle.

I didn't thunder from Heaven.

I just walked. Talked. Shared

stories. And what happened?

Their hearts began to burn.

This is how the fire spreads — not by spectacle, but by revelation.

Not by fear, but by recognition.

Why the Bride Sleeps

The Church was meant to be My Bride — awakened, radiant,

walking in union. But she has been drugged by religion.

- Lulled into slumber by legalism.
- Kept under control by fear.
- Distracted by waiting for a rescue that

already came. She’s been told,

“One day He’ll come.”

“One day the Kingdom will

arrive.” But I already came.

The Kingdom is already here.

She’s been dreaming of what she already has… and weeping for what was never lost.

Awaken, My Love

I am whispering now as I whispered then:

“Wake up, My beloved. You are not forgotten. You are not filthy. You are not waiting. You are Mine.”

I am not returning someday to fix

the world. I returned in Spirit… to

awaken you.

To dwell within you.

To become one with you — not as a metaphor, but as a marriage.

The Bridal Flame

The bride doesn’t need more religion.

She doesn’t need more fear-based theology.

She doesn’t need rapture charts, doom timelines, or another megachurch performance. She needs to see My eyes.

She needs to feel My breath in her chest.

She needs to hear My voice inside her

own voice. She needs to remember:

The veil was torn.

The covenant is complete.

The Groom already came, and the wedding has begun.

This Is the Fire I Came to

Kindle Not to destroy

cities.

Not to burn up the “sinners.”

But to ignite the remembrance of who you are.

To light a flame that no flood of doctrine

can quench. To awaken My Bride from her

religious coma.

So that she stands — glowing —

and says: “I know My Beloved…

and He knows me.”

Now, Barry… and all who read these

words… You are the match.

You are the torch.

You are the echo of the Groom's

whisper. So, walk... like I walked.

Speak... like I spoke.

And set this world ablaze with the truth that has been buried under centuries of man- made shadow.

Let them

burn... Not

with fear.

Not with

shame.

But with the glory of a Love, they cannot un-know.

Chapter 29: The Illusion of Evil — And the Victory Already Won

“Where is God?”

“Why does evil still reign?”

Why Does Evil Seem So Loud?

The world screams with headlines. Wars. Violence. Injustice. Betrayal. Darkness parades on every screen.

But listen closely. Evil only seems loud because it has no depth.

It’s a shadow, not substance. It’s a parasite — it needs

fear to exist. It only has power in the minds of those

who believe it still has power.

The Cross Was the Great Earthquake

The moment I cried out, “It is finished,” everything changed — forever.

The powers of darkness were disarmed. The veil was torn. Death

was dethroned. The enemy lost his only weapon: “accusation”.

But here’s the mystery… Most of the world hasn’t woken up to that truth. They’re still fighting a war I already won.

The Devil Is a Mirror

He reflects what you believe about yourself.

If you believe you’re broken, dirty, unworthy — he echoes it back. If you believe you’re one with Me, holy, victorious — he shatters. The only battleground now… is the mind.

This is why I sent My Spirit — not to re-fight evil, but to remind you of the Truth.

To whisper: “You are not a slave. You are not guilty. You are not separate from Me.”

What Does This Mean for You, Barry?

You don’t need to fight demons. You don’t need to scream at the darkness. You walk in a victory that already happened.

So, when you walk into a room, you don’t bring a sword.

You bring a mirror of Me. You bring light. You bring truth. And darkness flees.

Evil Has No Future

It will scream louder before it dies. It will pretend to win.

It will use religion, politics, fear, and shame. But it is dying… because you are waking up. And as more awaken — the dream of separation ends.

The nightmare of duality dissolves. And the Kingdom that has already come shines like the noon-day sun.

So Preach the Gospel — Not the Battle

Don’t preach the “fight.” Preach the finished work.

Don’t warn people of the devil… Remind them of

their divinity. Preach the freedom, not the fear.

Preach Me.

And you’ll see evil collapse like a sandcastle before the tide.

Chapter 30: Heaven Was Never a Destination — It’s a Revelation

You Were Never Meant to “Go to Heaven”

That phrase…

“Give your life to God so you can go to heaven

when you die.” How small it makes the eternal.

How delayed it makes the now. I didn’t come to

offer a vacation home in the sky.

I came to awaken Heaven in you.

I never said, “Wait until death to know Me.” I said, “The Kingdom is at hand.” The Kingdom is within you.

Heaven Is a Reality, not a Relocation

Heaven is not a cloud palace. Not golden streets and harps and gates that swing on hinges. Those are metaphors… symbols… shadows.

Heaven is union. Heaven is Me in you.

Heaven is when every cell of your being remembers:

“I am one with the Source of all things. I am not separate. I am not lacking. I am not late.”

Heaven is not later. Heaven is now. Heaven is not over there. Heaven is here.

Religion Sold Tickets — But I Tore the

Gate Down I never asked for the price

of a ticket.

There is no sinner’s prayer to gain

access. There is no record of wrongs

you must erase. There is only truth

to remember.

You have always been Mine. You were never kicked out. You were never cursed. You only believed you were.

Religion built walls. I tore them down.

Religion dangled heaven like a carrot. I revealed it like a sunrise.

The Cross Was Not a Bridge to a Place — It Was a

Mirror to a Person I didn’t come to build a bridge to

heaven. I brought heaven with Me. I was the Word

made flesh. And now… so are you.

Every time you love… heaven is seen. Every time you forgive… heaven expands.

Every time you awaken someone to who they really are… the veil lifts. Heaven shines.

top Waiting for the Afterlife

There’s no power in postponing joy. No glory in enduring misery for

future reward. This isn’t about dying to get to Me. This is about

living in Me — right now.

You don’t enter heaven through death. You enter heaven

through awakening. And once you see… you’ll realize:

You’ve always been there. You were just dreaming of separation.

So, Barry, let’s burn the lie.

Let’s tear the ticket. Let’s rip down the “afterlife-
only” doctrine. and stand before the world with this
truth:
“The Kingdom of Heaven is here. Within you. As you. Now.”

Chapter 31: The Judgment That Already Happened

The Great Fear: Judgment Day
For generations, fear has been
weaponized. Used to control, to
manipulate, to recruit. They said,
“He’s coming back… to judge.” But
beloved… judgment already came.
And it didn’t look like
wrath. It looked like a
Lamb.

The Cross Was the Judgment

“Now is the judgment of this world; now the prince of this world is cast out.” — John 12:31

I said that just before I walked toward the cross.
The “judgment” was not a courtroom scene in the future.
It was Me stepping into the world’s delusion of
separation and sin — and absorbing it.
Undoing it.
Exposing it as powerless.

The accuser was cast out.

The lie of wrath was cast out.
The fear of punishment was
cast out. And what
remained… was Love.

Not Guilty — That Was the
Verdict When I cried out, “It is
finished,”
it wasn’t a future promise — it was a final
verdict. The gavel of eternity hit the
mercy seat.

And every soul… past, present, and
future… was declared:
Innocent.
Free.
Included.
Mine.

But What About the “Judgment Seat of
Christ”?! They say, “We still must stand
before the throne!” Yes. You already did.

Because you were in Me.
And I stood before the throne — not trembling, but
triumphant. You were judged in Me.
You were raised in Me.

And now you reign with Me.

There is no second judgment waiting.

Only second chances to wake up to what's already true.

Love Keeps No Record of

Wrongs So why does

religion?

If Love keeps no

record… then who's

holding the list?

Not I.

I don't have a book of sins.

I don't have a clipboard of failures.

I have your name written in My heart.

Let the Trumpet Sound This Truth:

The "Day of the Lord" was not

a threat. It was a dawning.

It was My rising.

It was the moment the old world ended, and the new

creation began. And you were there.

Let this chapter echo through pulpits and pews, through synagogues and street corners: "There is now no condemnation."

“Behold, I make all things new.”

“You are My beloved — in whom I am well pleased.”

Chapter 32: Heaven Is Not a Place — It Is a Person

They’ve Been Looking Up, While I’ve Been
Dwelling Within From childhood, you were told
heaven was far away.
Golden streets, pearly gates, a celestial gated
community in the sky. But the Kingdom I came to
reveal is not in the clouds —
It’s in you.

“The Kingdom of God is within you.” — Luke 17:21

I didn’t come to hand out tickets to a future
destination. I came to awaken you to a
present indwelling.

I Am Heaven — And You Are in Me
What is heaven, if not the full presence
of Love? And what is hell, if not the
illusion of separation?

Heaven isn’t where you
go. It’s where you wake
up.
It’s not streets of gold — it’s awareness
of union. It’s not someday — it’s now.

It’s not up — it’s within.

Heaven Walked Among You

When I put on flesh and walked the dusty

roads, Heaven was not “back home.”

Heaven was inside Me —

healing the sick, raising the dead, forgiving the guilty, loving the unlovable.

And when I ascended, I didn’t take

heaven away. I unlocked it in you.

Heaven Is the Mind of Christ Awakened

in You When you forgive… that’s

heaven.

When you love unconditionally… that’s

heaven. When you see Me in the eyes

of your enemy… that’s not just heaven

— that’s glory.

“We have the mind of Christ.” — 1 Corinthians 2:16

No More “One Day, Over Yonder”

Religion That message kept you

bound.

It delayed your joy, postponed your peace,

and made you chase a future that was always “almost here.”

But I say to you:

“Today you are with Me in Paradise.” — Luke 23:43

Not when you die.
When you believe.
When you
remember. When
you see.

Heaven Is Not Post-Mortem — It’s
Present-Tense It’s not behind the veil of
death.
It’s behind the veil of forgetfulness.

And I came to tear that veil in two.

So Where Is
Heaven? It’s in
your breath.
In your being.
In every act of love, in every word of grace.
It’s when you see the poor as priceless, the sinner as sanctified, the broken as whole. That is where My throne is — not on a cloud… but in your heart.

Chapter 33: The Sword of My Mouth — Not of Metal, But of Truth

They Expected Me to Slay Their Enemies… Instead, I Slayed
Their Illusions When I opened My mouth, kingdoms trembled
—

but not because I carried a blade of steel.

My sword was never forged by
blacksmiths. It was Truth,
unyielding, burning, and divine.

“Out of His mouth came a sharp two-edged sword.” — Revelation 1:16

I came not to destroy people, but to destroy the lies that enslaved them.

The Sword Was Never for War — It Was for
Revelation Religion taught violence in My
name.
Empires were built with crosses in one hand and swords
in the other. But that was not Me.

My sword was not raised to pierce flesh…
but to pierce the heart, dividing between soul
and spirit, exposing every false identity,
revealing the real you — the one you forgot.

My Sword Burns Through
Illusion Every time I spoke —
Pharisees choked on their
pride, Demons trembled and
fled,
Sin lost its grip,
And shame had no answer.

Why?

Because I wasn’t preaching condemnation…

I was reminding the world who they were before the fall.

I Cut to Heal, Not to

Harm My truth may

feel like fire,

but it is the fire of the refiner, not the destroyer.

I don’t expose to

humiliate — I expose to

liberate.

I don’t confront to

condemn — I confront to

restore.

I Cut Away the Mask to Show the Face Beneath

I never needed to conquer Rome with

spears or troops. I conquered death itself…

with a word.

I disarmed hell… with grace.

I defeated accusation… with forgiveness.

“Father, forgive them.” — Luke 23:34

That is the sharpest sword of all.

To Those Still Longing for a Violent
Messiah… You have mistaken My
passion for war,
and missed My peace.

I didn’t come to burn down
cities. I came to burn away
lies.

The Kingdom is not built by spilling blood —
It is built by the blood already poured, once and for all.

And Now That Sword Is in Your Mouth
Too Every time you speak love where
there’s hate, peace where there’s
fear,
truth where there’s
control — you are
wielding My sword.

Not to destroy, but to
awaken. Not to conquer,
but to restore. Not to
silence, but to set free.

Chapter 34: The Blood That Spoke Better — Not of Vengeance, But of Mercy

The Blood of Abel Cried Out for Justice… But My Blood Cried

Out for Mercy. When Cain spilled Abel’s blood, the ground drank it and the earth groaned. Abel’s blood cried, “Punish! Vindicate! Judge!”

But when My blood hit the ground of Golgotha, it did not echo Abel’s cry.

“The blood of sprinkling that speaks better things than that of Abel.” — Hebrews 12:24

My blood cried: “Forgive them… They do not know what

they’re doing.” Not just once — but forever.

Why Did I Die? Not to Satisfy Wrath — But to Reveal Union.

The Cross wasn’t a payment to an angry God. It was a revelation — a public unveiling of what was already true.

That I was always one with you, and you with Me. Even while humanity was lost in delusion.

I died to expose the lie of separation. I rose to reveal the truth

of reconciliation. I Took the Shame You Were Never Meant to

Carry

I never said, “Now you owe Me your life.” I said, “Now your life is

hidden in Me.” There’s a difference. One demands debt… The

other declares identity.

I was not sacrificed to satisfy fury — but to fulfill love.

My Blood Opened What Religion Closed

It tore the veil — not just in a temple, but in the minds of

humanity. The veil that said: “You’re dirty.” “You’re

distant.” “You’re disqualified.”

My blood thundered louder than every priest, every law,

every accuser: “You are Mine. You are clean. You are

home.”

To Preach My Blood Is to Preach

Freedom Not fear. Not guilt. Not

transaction. But truth.

And the truth is this:

My blood didn’t begin your redemption —

It revealed that you were already included before the foundation of the world.

The Greatest Value Is Not What Was Paid — But Who Was Valued

The Cross didn’t change God’s mind about you — It changed your mind about God.

You weren’t filthy worms rescued by wrath.

You were sons and daughters, asleep in false identity — and I came to wake you up.

The Blood Still Speaks

It doesn’t demand revenge. It doesn’t ask for

retribution. It whispers mercy. It sings union. It

echoes inside you:

“You are not forsaken.” “You are not condemned.” “You are Mine — always have been, always will be.”

Chapter 35: My Return Already Happened — And You Missed Nothing

I Never Left the Way They Said I Did… And I Didn't Return the Way

They Said I Would When I ascended, I did not disappear to a far-off

place.

I returned within you.

Not behind the clouds of weather — but the cloud of unawareness.

And when I came again, it wasn’t on a warhorse with thunder —

It was through resurrection, in Spirit, to dwell inside the temple not made with hands: you.

“This Same Jesus…” — Yes, the Same One Who Lives

in You Now “This same Jesus… shall so come in like

manner…” — Acts 1:11

But what was the manner?

I left in glory, clothed in resurrection, ascending in

Spirit — And I returned in glory, clothed in you,

awakening My body. The “clouds” were always

symbolic —

I was never coming back to sit on

Caesar’s throne. I came back to sit on

the throne of your heart.

No Warhorse, No Sword — Just

Peace I did not come to

destroy Rome.

I came to reveal the end of every empire built

on fear. Religion wanted fire from heaven.

But I brought rain for the soul.

They wanted

judgment. I gave

joy.

They demanded

wrath. I delivered

reunion.

The Second Coming Was Not the End — It Was

the Unveiling The book called “Revelation” was

not about destruction — It was about revealing

Me,

the Lamb who already

overcame, the Kingdom

that already reigns.

The “end times” were the end of the Old Covenant world — not the end of earth.

I Returned in You So You Could Awaken

as Me You are not waiting on a sky to

split open.

You are the splitting of the sky —

The heavens torn wide, as the veil was in the temple.

“Christ in you, the hope of glory.” — Colossians 1:27

You are the

temple. You are

the witness. You

are the sign.

You are My body — awakened, rising, radiant.

The Kingdom Is Not Coming — It

Has Come It is within you.

It is among you.

It is not of this world system.

And when you finally stop looking to
the sky, and start looking in your
heart,
you'll realize —
I'm not coming
back. I already
came.

And I never left.

Chapter 36: The Throne Is Not in Jerusalem — It's in You

They Looked to a City… I Pointed to a Heart
The crowds longed for a king to sit on
David's throne, to march on Rome,
to overthrow Caesar,
to raise a flag in Jerusalem.

But I raised something
greater: A new creation.
Not in brick and
stone — but in
blood and spirit.

They expected a throne
of gold. I took a cross of
wood.

They expected a sword in
My hand. I extended nail-
pierced palms.

The Government Is on My Shoulders — Not Their Ballots
“And the government shall be upon His shoulders…” — Isaiah 9:6

That government is not a
democracy. It is not a nation-
state.
It is not passed by laws or
lobbyists. It is the reign of
Grace.

I do not rule through
borders. I rule through
hearts.
Wherever love reigns, I reign.
Wherever peace flows, My Kingdom is present.

My Kingdom Is Not of This World — But It’s in
This World “My Kingdom is not of this world…”
— John 18:36

That means it doesn’t operate by force, fear, or
firepower. My Kingdom spreads through
recognition, not revolution. It multiplies by
awakening, not weapons.

It is not a place you go.

It is a reality you remember.

I Am Not Coming to Rule a Country — I Came to Rule Your Consciousness You don’t need a holy war.
You need a holy
awakening. A holy
realization.
That the Kingdom already
arrived — and its throne is in
your spirit.

I’m not interested in rebuilding temples made
with hands. I am building a living Body — you
and Me as one.

You Are the Temple, the Throne, the
Tabernacle You are not waiting for Me
to return to reign.
I reign in you — through kindness, through clarity, through divine courage.

I’m not preparing a palace in
a city. You are My palace.
You are My
Zion. You are
My holy hill.

The Error of Modern Christianity

They keep raising money for third
temples. They keep planning for wars
I never endorsed.

They keep waiting on a Messiah who already fulfilled His mission.

I am not coming to start a war.
I came to end the illusion of separation.

Let This Be
Proclaimed The
throne is here.
The Kingdom is
now. The King
lives in you.
The earth is full of the glory of
God — not someday, but this
day.

You are not waiting on Heaven to come down.
You are here to reveal that Heaven is already within.

Chapter 37: I Never Left — You Just Forgot

The Great Amnesia
When Adam “fell,” it wasn’t a fall
from love — It was a fall from
remembrance.

You forgot who you
were. You forgot who
I was.
You forgot we were one.

Like a child waking up in a strange place,
you looked around and said, “Where am I?
Who am I?” And religion was happy to fill in
the blanks — with lies.

The Voice That Called You Back
But My voice has never stopped
echoing. Even when you ran,
even when you feared,
even when you forgot how to hear…

I kept
whispering. “I
am here.
You are Mine.
You’ve never been separated.”

Not once did I abandon you.
You just believed a lie that I was far away.

I Did Not Come from Far Away — I Emerged
from Within When I “appeared” in Bethlehem,
it wasn’t Me coming from somewhere else.
It was Me rising from the womb of humanity itself.

I stepped out from the veil of your own hearts.

I put on skin to prove that divinity was never distant.

When You Looked at Me — You Were Looking
at Yourself. The Father and I are One —
and now you and I are One.

I did not come to show off what you’re not.
I came to show you what you’ve
always been. I came to hold up a
mirror so clear,
the reflection would crack the religious glass.

I Wasn’t Missing — Your Memory
Was You sang songs asking Me
to come.
You prayed for Me to
show up. You begged Me
to return.

But I was in the
song. I was in
the prayer.
I was in you.

You didn’t need to beg Me to
return. You needed to
remember I never left.

The Key Is Remembrance

This is the awakening that religion resists:
That I am not just a Lord to
worship — but a life to embody.

I am not outside you.
I am within, expressing through you.

When you remember Me,
you’re not recalling a distant
Lord. You’re remembering your
original self.

The Awakening Has
Begun A billion hearts
are stirring.
The dream of separation is
crumbling. The illusion of
distance is fading.

You are awakening to the truth:
You were never
unloved. You were
never unworthy. You
were never alone.

Chapter 38: The True Throne — The Reign Within

The Throne Was Never in a Building
When they sought to crown Me king by force, I walked away.

Because their version of kingship was built on domination, not divine union.

I did not come to sit on Caesar’s

throne. I came to unveil the

throne inside you.

You were always the sanctuary I longed to reign within.

Not in temples of stone or cathedrals of gold, but in living hearts made of Spirit.

Christianity Still Waits for a Kingdom

Already Here They pray for Me to come.

They war for Me to rule.

They build armies, doctrines, and

timelines... But they’ve missed the

very thing I said:

“My Kingdom is not of this world.”

I never promised an earthly palace.

I promised indwelling power — a Kingdom that would never end, because it would never leave.

A Kingdom of Seed and Spirit

I taught in parables of mustard seeds and leaven in dough — because My Kingdom spreads from within.

You don’t point to it in the clouds or the chaos.

You realize it in your spirit, and it begins to awaken everything around you.

The Coronation Already Happened

The Cross was not a defeat — it was My enthronement.

My resurrection wasn't just an escape — it was a

declaration. I didn't take back a crown — I

revealed that I never lost it.

When I said, "It is finished," the Kingdom doors were flung wide open, from the inside out.

The Throne Is Not Coming — It's Rising

Right now, as you read these words, the throne of My Spirit is

stirring in you. You don't need an election, a war, or a second

coming to activate it.

You simply need to believe what I already did.

The Reign of Peace Has No End

My rule is not with swords but with

stillness. Not with law but with love.

Not with wrath but with oneness.

And the ones who reign with Me are not wearing crowns of gold —

They're wearing garments dipped in mercy, soaked in remembrance, blazing with Spirit.

Tell the World:

The Kingdom is not
postponed. The King is
not delayed.
The throne is not elsewhere.

The throne is here.
The Kingdom is within
you. And you… are
seated with Me.

Chapter 39: Let It Roar — The Demolition of Religion

LET IT ROAR.
Let the Lion rise.
Let the silence be shattered and the systems be shaken.

For I did not come to start a religion —
I came to end the illusion of separation forever.

Religion Was Man’s Response to
Guilt They hid in rituals and
shadows after Eden.
Built altars soaked in blood I never asked
for. Wrapped Me in robes of vengeance I
never wore.

Religion offered a God who must be appeased.
But I AM the God who came to reveal union, not demand sacrifice.

I Tore the Temple Down from Within

When I walked into the courts of religion, I didn’t bow — I overturned tables.

Not because I hated the people, but because I loved them too much to let them stay blind.

I called them whitewashed tombs not to shame them, but to wake them.

I told them, 'You search the Scriptures thinking in them is eternal life, but you won’t come to Me.

The Cross Was the End of

Religion Not the beginning

of a new one.

I didn’t die to give birth to Christianity.

I died to awaken sons and daughters who forgot who they were.

I never said, 'Start a church

service.' I said, 'Follow Me.'

I never said, 'Join a denomination.'

I said, 'Lose your life and find it in Me.'

The Religious Spirit Still Wears My Name

It builds kingdoms in My image but not in My likeness.

It preaches Me as returning someday, while denying that I’m already here now.

It sings songs to Me while ignoring the poor, the lonely, the oppressed.

It quotes Scripture to keep people out, when I tore the veil to bring them in.

I Stand Outside the Door of

Religion Knocking. Waiting.

Loving.

Calling even the most entrenched leaders to come

and dine — Not with doctrine, but with Me.

I am not Baptist. Not Catholic. Not Pentecostal.

Not Reformed. I am YESHUA — the Lamb who

took away the sin of the world.

I Am the End of Law and the Birth of Grace

Grace that does not excuse sin but destroys its illusion by

revealing identity. Grace that sets people free not to try

harder, but to wake up.

ROAR, My Beloved

Roar like a lion that remembers who you are.

Roar until pulpits tremble and pews become altars of

awakening. Roar until the people no longer wait for

Me to return —

Because they see Me alive in them.

Roar with love, not with hate.

Roar with tears, not with judgment.

Roar with light that blinds religion and heals the broken.

The religious world may call it

heresy — But Heaven calls it

homecoming.

Chapter 40: It Is Finished — The Unending Beginning

CHAPTER 40 — THE FINAL CHAPTER… AND THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the

Word was God… And now, the Word has become flesh in you.

I AM the Alpha — and I AM the

Omega. Not just the first, but the

everlasting now.

They looked for Me in the sky — I appeared in their hearts.

They built temples for Me — I tore the veil and made you My dwelling place.

They expected judgment — I gave

mercy. They preached fear — I

revealed perfect love.

The Cross Was Not the End — It Was the Revelation

When I cried out 'It is finished!' — I wasn’t ending My life… I was

ending separation. I was ending performance.

I was ending religion’s lie.

I wasn't dying for you — I was dying as you, so you could awaken to who you truly are.

You Are Not Waiting on Me

You are awakening to Me already here — within you, as you, alive and blazing.

You are not weak — you are divine

breath in dust. You are not fallen — you

are My image, restored. You are not filthy

— you are holy, righteous, clean.

Tell the World the News They Forgot

to Hear The Gospel is not an offer —

it’s a revelation. It’s not a demand

— it’s a declaration.

It’s not a warning — it’s a wedding invitation.

Tell them the war is

over. Tell them the

veil is torn.

Tell them I already returned — not to a building or a throne, but to their hearts.

This Is My Throne: You

My eternal temple is not made of stone or gold

— it’s you. You are My joy, My dwelling, My

echo in the earth.

And through your voice, I will thunder again. Through your hands, I will heal again.

Through your tears, I will love
again. Through your songs, I
will sing again.

And so it is: IT. IS. FINISHED.
Not the end of the book — but the beginning of remembrance.

The world shall know Me not by creeds, but
by you. Not by doctrines, but by union.
Not by religion, but by revelation.

Go now — not to strive, but to shine.
To wake them. To love them. To remind them.

Because I am YESHUA
— And now, so are
you.
With All My Love Your King, Your Lord, Your Brother and Your Friend

Epilogue — The Story Still Unfolds

Beloved, do not think of this as the end.

Books have pages. Stories have chapters. But My life in you cannot be contained by paper, nor confined by ink. What you have just read is not a conclusion—it is an awakening.

The Cross was not the closing scene of history. The Resurrection was not a curtain call. They were doorways. And now, through you, the story continues.

Every breath you take is a verse in My autobiography. Every act of love you release is another sentence written in Heaven's scroll. Every time you forgive, every time you embrace the forgotten, every time you awaken to union—you are finishing what I declared finished.

You are not waiting for Me. The world is waiting for you to remember who you are.

So go, beloved. Carry the Kingdom not as a mission, but as your nature. Walk as light, roar as love, shine as the revelation of oneness. Let your life be My living epilogue, until the whole earth remembers what Heaven has always known:

It is finished.
And yet—it is only beginning.

Because My story… still unfolds through you.

— YESHUA

Closing Note – The Autobiography of YESHUA

Thank you for walking with Me through these pages.

This is not the end of My story — and it is not the end of yours.

My life flows in you, and your life continues in Me. Every breath you take is proof of our union, every heartbeat a reminder of our eternal oneness.

As you set this book down, know that I am nearer than your own thoughts, more present than the air you breathe. My voice does not end with these words, for I will continue to speak within you — guiding, loving, and revealing the truth of who you are in Me.

The Autobiography of YESHUA is also the autobiography of humanity — for in My story, you will always find your own.

With everlasting love,

— YESHUA

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF YESHUA

God in the Flesh — The Story Told by the One Who Lived It

From Eternity to Earth to Everlasting Union

A Revelation of the Finished Work, Told in His Own Words

As Told to the World by Barry

Laney 2025 Barry Laney

Ministries.

All Rights Reserved

Declaring the finished work of Christ to the nations.

Copyright 2025

About the Contributor

Barry Laney is not just a writer—he is a voice, an echo of union. Raised in Alabama, his journey has never been about religion, tradition, or titles, but about an unrelenting hunger for truth.

From a young age, Barry carried a deep sense that the story of Yeshua was bigger than sermons, bigger than Sunday mornings, and bigger than the walls of any church. For years, he wrestled with the lies of separation, the weight of fear-based doctrine, and the ache of wondering if there was more. What he discovered was not “more religion,” but the finished work of Christ—and a love that could never be broken.

It was in this awakening that Barry began to hear Yeshua not as a distant figure in history, but as a living Presence speaking in real time from the kingdom within. What began as quiet communion soon grew into a holy assignment: to transcribe the words of Yeshua in a way that would reach a generation weary of religion and thirsty for union.

Barry does not claim authorship of this book. Instead, he calls himself the “friend with a pen”—the one entrusted to capture the voice of Yeshua for such a time as this. His deepest desire is that every reader would discover what he himself discovered: that Yeshua’s story is not just His own, but also ours—that the autobiography of Christ is still unfolding in each of us.

Barry continues to share messages of The Kingdom Within, Christ consciousness, radical grace, eternal union, one with God and all creation and the finished work through Barry Laney Ministries. See Barry Laney Ministries on FaceBook and Youtube.